

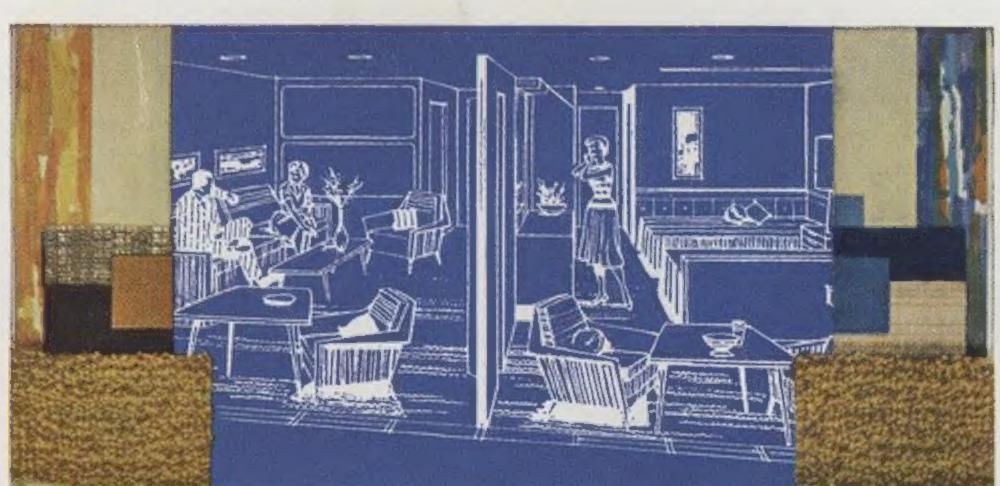
# Big stir in the Pacific...



H ere is the newest All First Class liner to the Orient, the SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. A block and a half of sea-going luxury, it has everything you'd expect to find at one of the world's best addresses—from ballrooms to beauty shops, lanais to libraries, spacious lounges (even a sound-proof fun-room for teenagers!), cabarets, first-run movies, and Presidential cuisine offering more dishes than Louis XVI himself had to choose from.

There are nurses and nurseries, a completely equipped hospital, a topside kennel, a swimming pool and volleyball courts. Modern stabilizers give you smoother sailing. There are enough shops to serve a small town. And, thousands of feet of sun-swept deck space—all of it First Class.

Naturally, each stateroom has its own bath, telephone, radio and, of course, air conditioning. As well as 'round-the-clock room service at the touch of a button.



Suite Arrangement

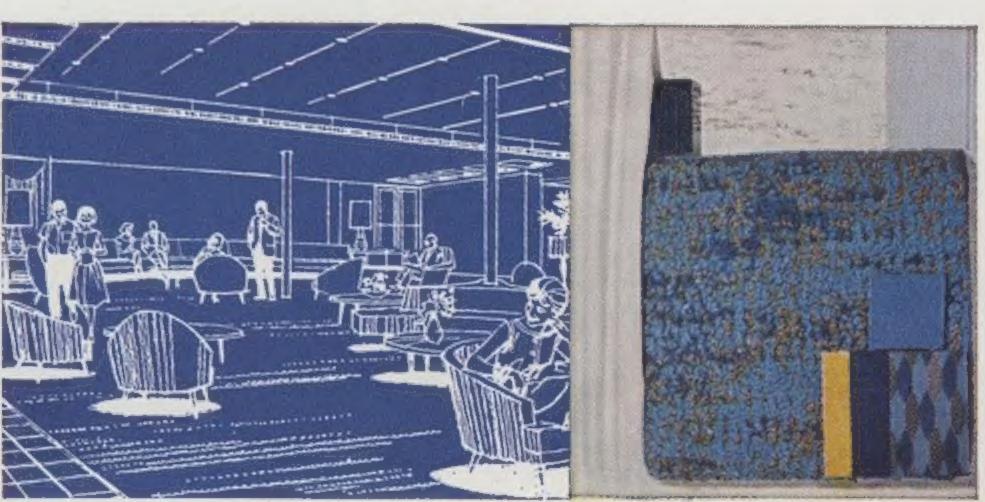
Swatches Indicate Color Scheme

These bedroom-sitting room suites convert in moments to accommodate from one to four. Ideal for shipboard entertaining or for solitude. Complete with spacious modern bath. Decor: warm browns, rust, beige, blues and burnished yellow.

Early in 1962, the SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will join the PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND, WILSON and HOOVER in the famous Presidential Orient service. These four great President liners, offering sailings every two weeks, will provide the ultimate in luxury, comfort and cuisine for travelers to the Far East.

The typical six-week Orient cruise calls at Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila and Kobe. Ample time is provided for sightseeing in all ports of call and passengers may elect to stop over and continue their cruise on a subsequent President liner at no extra charge.

First Class fares for round-trip cruises to the Orient begin at \$1175; fares one-way to Japan at \$510. To book passage on the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT or sailings of the other President Liners, call your Travel Agent or write American President Lines, 601 California Street, San Francisco 8, for free brochure.



Main Lounge

A quiet room for casual conversation. Deep-cushioned sofas and chairs make it your own private club at sea. The cool blues and greens of the carpeting and upholstery, accented by white drapes and yellow paneling, strike a tranquil note.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES Sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Kobe
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from our manor-bourne collection
designed by frechtel exclusively for i. magnin



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Every skin becomes dry, lined, or wrinkled when the water content drops below normal. Only Powers Moisture Control contains Aquacel, the amazing discovery that helps your skin retain normal moisture - helps keep the perfect water balance which gives you a smoother, softer, younger-looking complexion. When you use Moisture Control faithfully, by night while you sleep, by day under your make-up, dryness will tend to go away and stay away.

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# Announcement from the Editors of Vogue

The famous editorial "Taking America for Granted," which first appeared in this magazine in 1948—and has since been borrowed for reprint by many other magazines and civic organizations—will be republished in a keepsake printing in the next issue of Vogue. For those readers who have requested copies of that editorial, the new printing will appear on February 1, in the

1962 AMERICANA ISSUE OF VOGUE.

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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. Editorial and Advertising Offices 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Telephone — MUrray Hill 9-5900

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# INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are four Vogues: American, French, British, Australian I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

#### JANUARY 15, 1962

#### COVER

January fashion-cravings—like special dreams—are apt to be in colour, and one of the best ways to make one come true this minute is apricot—here in a pale zephyr of a dress. Reflections in the make-up, the Brilliant Coral nail enamel with something new called bubble translucence; all this by Dorothy Gray. Dress of wool crêpe, by Hannah Troy; \$125.

At Saks Fifth Avenue. Jewellery by David Webb.



KAREN RADKAL

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### MARTINIQUE

#### Oasis of the sea

#### BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Perhaps the most seductive island in the Caribbean, Martinique, that green cartilage in the vertebrae of the Lesser Antilles, mixes French chic with Creole charm. Cars, wines, cheeses, bikinis, and perfumes are from France, but the dizzying scent of pineapple, blackstrap molasses, sugar cane, and rum is straight from the violet hills, the heady air of Martinique.

As a department of France, Martinique acts like that: provincial, proud, polite. Because it is in no sense a tourist trap, there are few trappings for tourists. Gaudy cafés have Alsatian beer and white rum punch. For dining in Fort-de-France, Le Manoir, a colonial hillside house, serves Creole food on its viny verandah; Chez Étienne has excellent French food. Two big new beach hotels are going up for next season, but until then, The Lido Hotel, cliffhanging over a black sand cove, swagged in yellow allamanda and scarlet flamboyant trees, is far and away the best place to stay.

The dining terrace, run by Dominique Vielotte, a chef from Bordeaux, is a special delight. For breakfast there are mounds of papayas, mangoes, and finger bananas, warm croissants, and hot café au lait. Both lunch and dinner are six courses of French and Creole dishes, good cheeses, wines, and fizzy local mineral water, L'Eau de Didier. Mineral water is placed at night on bedside tables in the air-conditioned bungalows, each one private, tiled, done up like a small villa. There are also rooms in the main building, and a big open bar for dancing to a hot combo. The allure is faintly wicked-Riviera. (American Plan is about \$38 a day, for two.)

Scythed around a bay full

of sailing craft and cruise ships, Fort-de-France, the capital, looks like a box of pink bonbons in green wrappers. The low houses, with wrought-iron grille work, face squarely onto narrow streets. Those jouncy little French Citroëns, Dauphines, and Simcas, all scuttle furiously down such avenues as Victor Hugo or Emile Zola, often to the big market place.

Most of the girls in Fortde-France look as though they stepped off the Faubourg St.-Honoré after a beautiful bronzing in St. Tropez, but in the market one sometimes sees the pretty Martiniquaises in their madras and foulard dresses. The plaid madras is tied on in the point system. One point showing means the girl's heart is free; two points showing, the wearer is engaged; three points indicate a happy marriage; four points mean married, but . . . maybe. (There is a haunting island song, Adieu Foulard, Adieu Madras, about a Creole Butterfly waving farewell to her French Pinkerton.)

Insouciant, pretty, and practical, the women tend market stalls of green limes, pineapples, fans of bananas, bouquets of soup greens, cinnamon sticks, and call after shoppers, "Prenez mes tomates, chérie." For non-householders, there really isn't much to buy there, perhaps some straw pieces, an armful of flowers, or fruit.

The big shopping place is Roger Albert's on Rue Victor Hugo, where there are not only fifty kinds of French perfume, but other free port things: Limoges china, Baccarat crystal, Christofle silver, and wonderful records of the beguine, which began in Martinique. Although a pretty hot beguine can be heard—and seen—in the night places, Bambou Club and La Plantation, the flashy

showcase is during Carnival, which in Martinique lasts an extra day.

When most revellers are having their foreheads dusted with ashes, the Martiniquais are burying Bois-Bois, their king of Vaval (Carnival), in a frenzy of rummed-up fervour, burning his funeral pyre in the savanna. The singing, dancing, and wailing are led by diablesses chanting, au 'voir Bois-Bois, adieu Vaval, in domino black and white, having discarded their red tights, their madras and foulard, and their Napoleon and Josephine costumes. It is a kind of island schizophrenia, this seasonal play-acting as Bonapartes; even the four-year-olds appear in bicorns and filmy Empire dresses.

For the Martiniquais, Josephine is their love-daughter, their gift to history's almanac of seductresses. Actually two queens and two quasi-queens as children gamboled among the island's sugar cane. Josephine became Empress of France; her daughter, Hortense, Queen of Holland; Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, a shadow Sultana of Turkey; and Françoise d'Aubigné, as Madame de Maintenon, was first mistress, and later, the morganatic wife of Louis XIV.

Josephine, born at Trois Ilets in 1763, as Marie-Josèphe Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, grew up in the easy-going life of French planters. A tall, skinny beauty with dark hair and eyes, she played among the coiling vegetation of breadfruit, calabash, and scarlet flamboyant trees with her blond cousin, Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, whose destiny was to be more exotic, if less notorious, than Josephine's.

When the girls were about twelve, they crept through the tangled foliage to the hut of a seer, Euphemia David, who read their fortunes in coffee grounds: Josephine's phenomenal parade of lovers and adventures, her marriage to De Beauharnais, the Revolution, her two children, and after widowhood, her magnificent life with Napoleon who crowned her Empress of France at Rheims in 1804.

For Aimée, the pretty, protected pet of Creole landowners, she predicted her convent education in France, the shipwreck of her Martinique-bound clipper, her capture by Barbary Coast pirates, and her eventual deliverance, as a peerless prize to Sultan Abd ül Hamid I, of Turkey.

Aimée's life, though risky owing to the other three hundred or so beauties angling for the Sultan's favours, eventually became a splendour when she produced a son, who later as Mahmoud II first introduced Western ways to Turkey. Sequestered forever from the world behind keyhole arches, she was the odalisque supreme of the Sultan's seraglio, the Naksh: The Beautiful One.

Although the French Sultana is unknown in Martinique, resonances of Josephine are everywhere. The green, sweeping savanna of Fort-de-France is centred with her statue, a beauty in flowing directoire robes. The sugar mill, La Pagerie, at Trois Ilets, is a shambles due to a destructive fire, but a new little museum has been installed with Josephine's small canopied bed, a few oddly meagre mementoes, touching compared to the scrumptious status symbol of Malmaison. But in the museum there are some fiery love letters from Bonaparte. One written at eight in the morning from the Austro-Italian campaign dated

(Continued on page 21)



CRACKER BARREL FUN LIVENS UP THE HARBOR AT CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.

## SCENE: Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

Go American native in Haberdasher separates...when you winter in the sun on America's own Caribbean isles. Just a few hours away by air. No passport needed! Left: Calico cotton no-collar shirt in rooster red or grain gold, 6.95. Blue denim chambray skirt with calico patches, 10.95. Right: Our A-line jumper skirt in denim chambray with cotton polka dot shirt in blue with red/white, or grey with yellow/white, priced together 17.95. All, 8 to 16.

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SOFT FEMININITY GRACES A CORAL REEF AT SAPPHIRE BEACH, ST. THOMAS. PHOTOGRAPHY: ED ANTHES

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Make a pretty splash...in a sun-loving swimsuit from our Surf Club Collection.

Permanently pleated Arnel® triacetate jersey...air-dries in a wink...shapes you fittingly with Matletex® shirred back and inner bra. White strewn with violets in bright green, vivid rose or sapphire blue. 12 to 20, 25.95.

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Get out from under those heavy blankets ... enjoy the incredibly light

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Now you can enjoy the same thermal principle when you sleep. From England, we bring you a unique kind of blanket, honey-combed with thousands of breathing spaces, which works much as thermal underwear does. It weighs less than ordinary blankets, yet is far more efficient at retaining body heat, and thus keeping you warm. It's a new experience in bedtime comfort, since you're obviously comfortable, relaxed, warm, yet you hardly know you're under a blanket.

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Choose 100% wool or cotton. Both are suitable for summer and winter (no storage problem). Both are made only of finest natural fibers.

Want the soft downy touch? Choose wool, satin-edged and luxurious. Retains thermal properties through all cleanings.

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Colors: White, Pink, Blue, Green, Peach, Lilac or Yellow. All the popular sizes, at popular prices. See coupon.

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Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed or money refunded.



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#### SALON PROFILE:

#### SMALL AND SPECIAL

"Beauty is its own excuse for almost anything." This unblushing sentiment is written on a wall of the new salon at Lord and Taylor, where they specialize in more beautiful faces, prettier hair (and hands and feet too, by the way).

It's a small salon (redecorated and revamped just last year); the watchword-individual care. They give three kinds of facials: one takes only three quarters of an hour; another, an hour; the third, an hour and a quarter. In all three, special preparations are used according to the kind of skin and skin problems of the facial-ee. And there is a separate treatment for really troublesome skin. Whether you have a facial or not, you can ask the advice of, and receive a complimentary make-up from the salon's make-up consultant, who usually does a fairly simple daytime face, but will achieve bigevening glamour if asked. She uses the preparations of Germaine Monteil, which offer enough variety so that your skin and the way you yourself want to look are the primary considerations.

Hair: Lately and probably for some time to come, most women want the body-but-not-toomuch-curl kind of permanent wave-Lord & Taylor has a new one by L'Oreal of Paris, which comes encouragingly close to looking like natural curl. Individual care again: they have several waves, and anyone who wants lots of curl can have it. For problem hair there are L'Oreal conditioners keyed to answer the usual complaints—dryness, oiliness, or general ennui.



Leinko Malice toasts Spring with a superb suit shaping in Raeford's new "Citron Punch" . . . a heady mixture of worsted wool and Dacron\* polyester. A delightfully soft eponge, tweedy-textured to give lasting form to the fashion. In citron, apricot, beige or ice blue. Sizes 8 to 16. Under \$100, at Miss Bonwit, BONWIT TELLER, New York City; FREDERICK & NELSON, Seattle; JOSEPH MAGNIN CO., San Francisco; MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Chicago; MONTALDO'S, Greensboro, N. C. and all stores; RICH'S, INC., Atlanta; RIKE-KUMLER CO., Dayton.

\*\*Proof of Burlington Industries\*\*





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## sews

# the new naked wools

A new wool era has bloomed upon the world. Vast sunlit yards of pure and beautiful naked wools that have changed the very nature of sewing for the tropic air. Here at last in Fashion Fabric Departments of nice stores everywhere. Wools never before so rare, so bare, so weightless, open to the sun, breathe life into the new fluid silhouette, to make every fashion born pre-naked wool seem obsolete. Naked but nice wool that drapes so softly, handles so easily, it's sheer bliss to sew it. Nina, rich but never idle, sews wool, all the new naked wools she can gather.

Vogue Paris Original designed by Nina Ricci, #1126, a reed wool chiffon by Bellaine. All you want in Fabric Departments at: B. Altman & Co., New York; Amluxen Co., Minneapolis; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Goldsmith's, Memphis; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Meier and Frank Company, Portland & Salem; Rich's, Atlanta; Sakowitz' Golden Thimble Shop, Houston; Stewart's, Louisville & Lexington; Wayne Russell Fabrics, Inc., Oklahoma City; Welek Fabrics, St. Louis, Missouri and Springfield, Illinois; The White House, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. For further information, write Nina, The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York 17.



The "About-Town" Look Enriched With TUSSON®

**NELLY DON'S** pleat-eased silhouette in Tusscany, a town-loving Tusson rayon, cotton and silk fabric by Widder Bros. A versatile year-round fashion elegantly set off by the nubby look, the rich luster, the lasting loveliness of Tusson. Sizes 8-18 in navy, nutmeg, black. About \$20. At Stern's, New York; Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.; The Boston Store, Milwaukee; Foley's, Houston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; or for nearest store write Nelly Don, Box 616, Kansas City, Mo.

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# At last! A Cover Girl complexion... so natural you can't believe it's make-up! " magine... A medicated make-up that looks so lovely, I love new Cover Girl!" says famous Cover Girl Sara Thom



Fabulous discovery from Noxzema! Fragrant new Cover Girl covers so naturally, so completely.

And it's medicated and antiseptic to help prevent skin problems, improve your complexion.

New Cover Girl is so light and lovely on your face . . . and so wonderfully good for your skin besides! Unlike many make-ups that do nothing for your skin (often even aggravate skin problems) Cover Girl gives you the beauty benefits of its special medication.

Smooth on Cover Girl liquid every morning. Touch up with Cover Girl pressed powder all day. It's antiseptic to fight germs on your puff—helps prevent skin problems. Helps your skin not only look lovely, but become lovely. No wonder it's the make-up of cover girls!



Glamorous shades, beautiful compacts.

Now face powder, too. \$150 each plus tax



Corseted swimsuits are out.



#### Cole's Californians are here.

It was bound to come. Sportswear's been loosening up for years. You know...long, loose tops... overblouses...bulky sweaters...swinging skirts... big wraps.

But swimsuits had a problem – the problem of looking free, feeling unfettered, and still keeping

a firm hold on the figure. (Who wants to swap a strait jacket for a *sack!*) Problem solved—in Cole's Californians.

Cole starts with an utterly natural new nylon bra —soft and firm as your own flesh. *Then* lets loose with such delights as an all-around tunic, like

the blue-green-pink stoneflower knit, 19.95. Or soft draping, like the blue paisley nylon chiffon, 23.95. Or semi-bloomers, like the hothouse-printed matte jersey, 29.95. Or easy, Helanca® knit boy legs that come in grass-green, 23.95, or in a California-colored primitive print, 19.95.

This winter, the s.s.United States and the s.s.America make 4 gala cruises to the sunny West Indies



## Your ship is several knots faster than any worry in the world



Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Farr and daughter Judith Farr Fillmore, in cocktail lounge. Mr. Farr is Vice President of First Security Bank, Smithfield, Utah. Party? You'll find your favorite wine aboard.



Around the piano on the s.s. America, Mr. and Mrs. Jim C. Molen-kamp of Norwood, Mass. and Mrs. Peter Collins of Great Neck, N. Y. As Louise King, Mrs. Collins is a well-known TV actress.



Pool-side snack on the s.s. United States. Miss Andrea Formel of Greenwich, Conn., Miss Julie Francoeur of Westport, Conn., and Mr. R. V. Keeley, of the American Embassy in Mali, rest after a dip.



Miss Stafford Hutchinson of Cookham Dean, Berks., England, enjoying deck sports. At night, dance to Meyer Davis rhythms, or go to a first-run movie. On cruises, there will be professional entertainers.

When you sail on the s.s. United States—the world's fastest ship—there's nothing for you to do but live graciously. Experienced passengers choose this ship again and again. And this winter, transatlantic service will be supplemented by these cruises to the sun-drenched West Indies: s.s. United States — January 30 and February 16—14 days to Nassau, St. Thomas, Trinidad, Curação, Cristobal, from \$520.

s.s. America — March 8—7 days to San Juan and St. Thomas, from \$195. March 17—9 days to St. Thomas, San Juan, and Bermuda, from \$245.

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#### TWINDING THE TWO-FACED JERSEY BY LEBANON

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#### NEW GAME: VOGUE INTRODUCES BRIDGE—ETTE

Contract bridge for two players

#### BY OTTILIE REILLY

This fascinating game has become popular among card players who love action in a game. To play two-handed bridge, use one standard pack; rank of suits is the same as in four-handed.

#### **PRELIMINARIES**

Each player draws a card to determine the first dealer. The player drawing the higher card deals first, after cards are shuffled and cut by his opponent. Dealer gives the other player and himself 13 cards one at a time, and places the remaining cards face down in the centre as the stock.

#### THE PLAY

The non-dealer starts the game by discarding one card from his hand, face down starting a discard pile. He replaces this card by drawing one card from the stock. If he wishes to keep this card, he places it in his hand, draws one more card from the stock, looks at it and must discard it face down on the discard pile. However, should the player drawing from the stock reject his first draw, he discards it face down on the discard pile, but must keep his second draw and add it to his hand. The dealer then plays in the same way and the discarding and drawing alternates until the stock is exhausted. Each player must retain 13 cards in his hand.

#### OBJECT OF THE GAME:

bridge hand by discarding useless cards. The major suits, of course, are the preferred ones to keep, in order to enable you to out-bid your opponent. It is very tempting in making discards to try to be completely out of a suit. It is not good, however, to discard Aces and Kings of shorter suits as you may have a possibility of forming or defending a no-trump hand.

The non-dealer starts the bidding, usually at the full value of his hand. The bidding alternates as in Contract Bridge and ends after a pass.

The game proceeds at the final contract and the defender

leads. In playing suit contracts, it is well to lead your longest suit, hoping the declarer will be forced to trump, thereby weakening his hand. In no-trump contracts, the customary fourth highest of your longest and strongest suit is not always too good a lead as the opponent may be short in that suit and he may be able to win an unnecessary trick.

It is very important to remember your early discards, both from your hand and the forced ones from the stock, to get some sort of count on the suits. The non-dealer has a slight advantage as he has seven draws, whereas the dealer has only six draws.

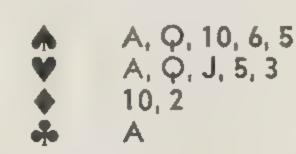
#### SCORING

Scoring is kept as in regular rubber bridge. The player winning two games wins the rubber, but higher total points decide the winner.

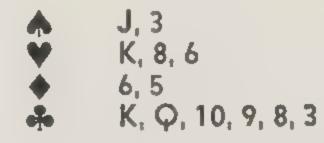
#### **EXAMPLE HANDS**

♠ K, 9, 8
♥ 10, 7
♠ J, 8, 7, 3
♣ J, 7, 6, 5

This hand looks hopeless. It is well to try to build up some defense against possible major bids. Discard a small diamond or club. In drawing to the above hand keep all spades and hearts for defensive purposes.



This is undoubtedly an aggressive hand with definite game possibility or perhaps a slam. Naturally you would discard the diamonds. Keep count of the suits you are interested in.



The diamonds would be your natural discards in this hand. Hearts and spades may come in and you still may have a little defense in clubs.

It is a diverting and challenging game.



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#### MARTINIQUE

(Continued from page 5)

July 21, 1796, ends like this: "... loin de toi les nuits sont longues, fades, et tristes. Près de toi l'on regrette qu'il ne soit pas toujours nuit . . ." (Far from you, the nights are endless, tasteless, and sad. Near you, one wants the nights to go on forever.)

Beyond La Pagerie lies the powdery beach, Le Diamant, and Madame Lucienne's restaurant her fish soup is especially good. The half-moon bay is centred by a great hunk of rock, still logged in British naval manuals as HMS Diamond Rock because, in 1800, it had a ship's complement of officers and men defending it unsuccessfully for Britain.

many of the Caribbean islands, beyond through the rain forest, was ping-ponged back and forth among the British, French, and Dutch until 1814, when it fell happily into the French lap. Most of the military noise, however, went on around Fort Saint-Louis which dominates the glass-blue harbour of Fort-de-France. It is rewarding to note that a Martinique regiment fought at Savannah and Yorktown during the American Revolution.

Now the Fort Saint-Louis has an active little zoo within its ramparts-snakes, big cats, crocodiles, baboons, gazelles—and a thatched-roof café, plus a museum with historical documents, and a print of Dutch Admiral de Ruyter, a mountain of a man, whose three thousand men were defeated by one hundred and sixty Frenchmen in 1674.

When Gauguin spent several months in Martinique in 1887, before going off to Tahiti, he painted the decorative patterns, the violent light around Mount Pelée at Saint-Pierre about thirty miles north of Fort-de-France. In one letter to his dealer in Paris, he mentioned fourteen paintings for the price of 16,000 francs or \$3,200. Lafcadio Hearn was there at the same time and stayed to write his book, Two Years in the French West Indies.

Fortunately Gauguin left before the devastating eruption of the volcano Mount Pelée, which in 1902 exploded with such fury that the town of Saint-Pierre, and over twenty-five thousand people, were drowned in one minute, under an avalanche of fiery lava. Now Mount Pelée looms mauveygreen, mute, and monumental above the ruins. In the museum,

there are extraordinary remnants of the disaster: blackened blocks of stone embedded with masses of scissors, screws, and nails, reminiscent of the contemporary sculpture by César.

Candy-coloured charabanes like Ste.-Mariewith names Thérèse or Volonté de Dieu, zoom over the yo-yo roads. (The busses are called les bombes, which means tins in local parlance.) Naturally, it is preferable to drive, or be driven, around the seagirt coast or over the rangy mountains; and cars are easily rentable.

From Saint-Pierre, the road leaves the marbled beaches screened in fishnets, for the moun-Martinique, in fact, like tain town of Morne Rouge, and to the fishing village of Grand' Rivière. If the road is chancy, the scenery is sublime: rushing waters cut through deep gorges framed in giant bamboo, avocado, breadfruit, and palm trees, clusters of huts, planters' houses, and a final rim of rough Atlantic coastline before arriving at Grand' Rivière. Here the painted boats carved from tree trunks are the same as those of Senegal. Fishermen ride in on the rollers with their heavy catch; children surfboard over the foam. In fact, the village embraces the angry water. (It was from here that many young Martiniquais escaped to the British island of Dominica to join the Free French forces during World War H.

L'Auberge des Passagers in Grand' Rivière serves a surprisingly good lunch: hors d'oeuvres, flying fish Creole, kidney beans, Ingnam (a kind of yam), fresh pineapple dashed with rum, and a good vin ordinaire. Small stinging peppers are cut and brushed lightly over Creole food, giving it an even more prickling flavour.

Returning to Fort-de-France, by way of the Atlantic side of the island one passes great sugar cane plantations sweeping down to the beaches. The town of Trinité is placed at the shoulder of the long, hilly peninsula of the Caravelle. As Martinique is merely fifty miles long and nineteen miles wide, visitors may easily make a full swing of the island. Both Pan American and British West Indian Airlines fly from New York to Martinique (round trip, \$267.60, tourist class). For many cruise ships, Fort-de-France is a regular, if brief, port of call.

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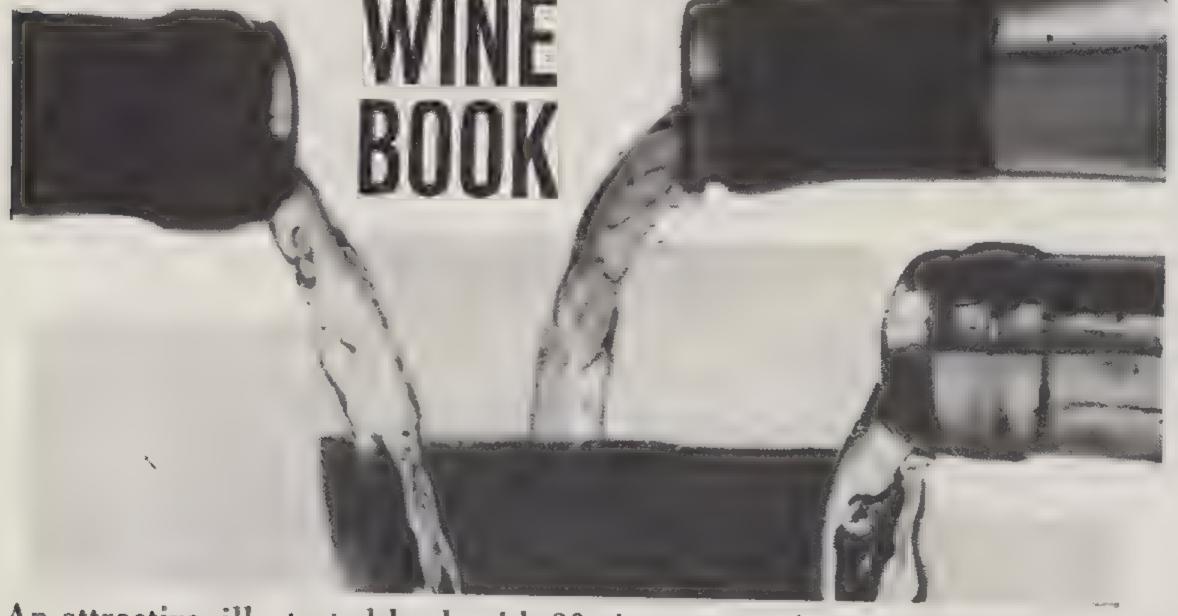
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Two necklaces to wear mixed strand-over-strand: fake jade beads, three rows deep, with two strands of pearl beads.

We see them for spring with a navy-blue sweater, a pleated white skirt. By Robert Fleischer: jade, \$16; pearls, \$20. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., New York 18.



The non-obvious wallet, for men (it's very flat in the pocket); of shiny French alligator—black or brown:  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 4", \$14.67 inc. tax, ppd.

Lester Bags, 669 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

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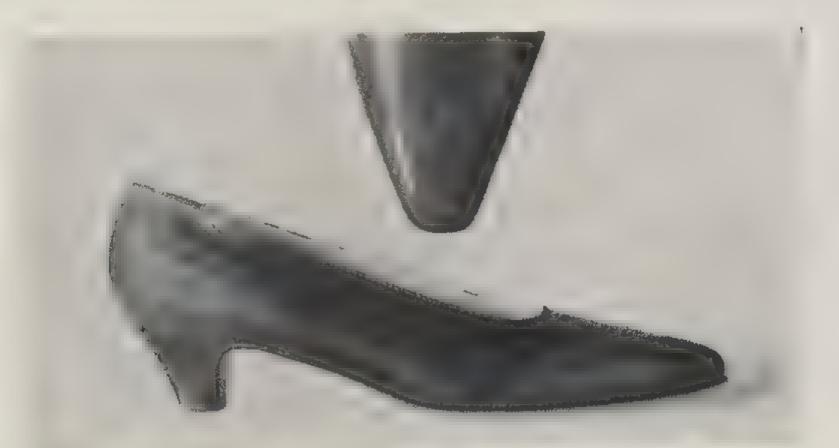


Handbag with a special kind of closing: no zippers, no catches it snaps open, snaps crisply closed again. Natural jute trimmed with white, black, or beige leather; 141/2" x 9". By Park Lane Bags, \$20.90 inc. tax. Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Handsome hanging tool board with hammer, pliers, screw driver, gimlet, and bottlings of four different kinds of nails and screws. White board, 12" x 10", with tools in black, red, yellow, blue, green, or pink. \$6.50 ppd. MM Co., 430 Park Ave., New York 22.



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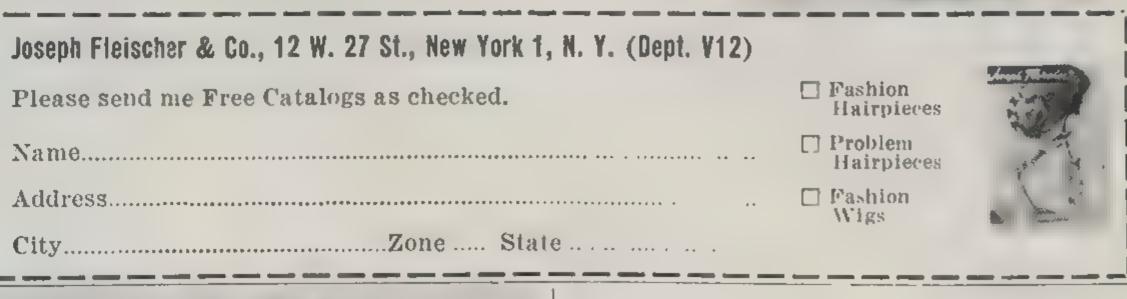


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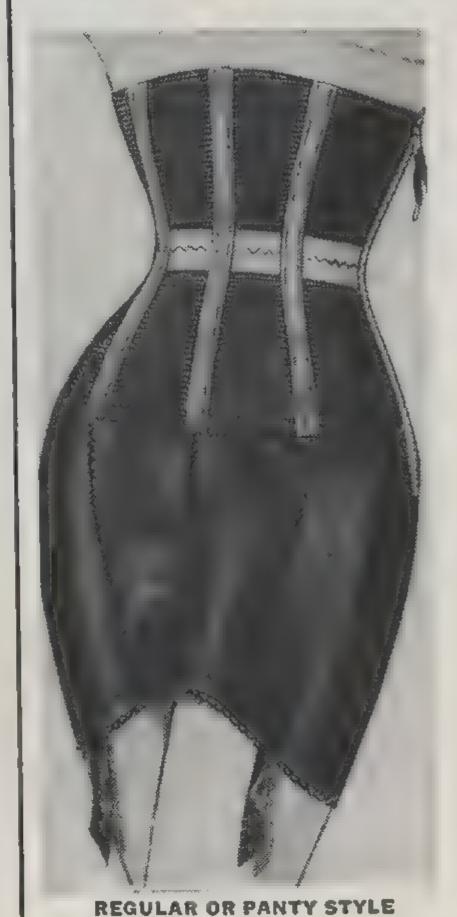
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# VOGUE January 15, 1962

Vogue's

Eye

View:

10

fashion

points

to make

their

names

in

1962

#### **Belts**

Tall close belts have a sensational new look in their grasp, coming in strong between a small new top and a full new skirt. The look they make may go down in fashion history as the 1962 Norman Norell revolution.

#### Waist cinches

They're made. They're the crash way to the new waistline.

#### Flared skirts

The farthest-out version is a suit skirt that furls and unfurls like an umbrella. See belt paragraph for the rest of the story, including the author's name.

#### Ruffles

You see them on blouses now, and in late-day and evening clothes—but don't just dust them off there. Day-dress versions are on the way.

#### Alkaline colours

The chemistry goes this way now—bright colours, but without any acid in their brilliance; pale colours with a chalky, softening content.

#### Blouses

This is the year of the blouse—by which we mean the separate tuck-in blouse or the slightly-bloused blouse. For what they might tuck into, read *Belts*.

#### Bamboo hair-colours

Ash-blond to brown; soft, natural-looking, non-bright.

#### Smaller handbags

Nothing provides a better example of how the fashion eye changes than this: the handbag that might have looked midget a year or two ago has suddenly come to look distinguished, elegant. No need to say that the same thing goes for heel-heights—the shoe-eye has been registering the smaller, shorter heel for months.

#### Realer jewels

They may not be real, but they have some of the manner of real jewels—or they're worn with real jewels.

#### Forehead guiche

Any way you look at it, it's still shaped like a question mark—but worn with a head of soft, short hair, the forehead curl could be what bangs were . . . a wisp of bang turned in another direction, as it were.



# What makes a woman interesting?

Polishing off the last reel of what appeared to be a tuna fish on rye, Mr. Kazan tackled star quality straight on: "First of all, it's different for men and women. I'll start by talking about men—briefly. With men it's essential to have something unpredictable and dangerous. If they're too tamed, too responsible, too civilized, they're bores. Women should never know if they're going to fight them or love them. The best male actors—any great leading man, Marlon Brando, Gable, Bogart, James Cagney—have a quality of mystery and strength, the strength to implement the mystery. And when they're asked what they do for a living, they have a tendency to grumble and look embarrassed."

On his next word, "women," Kazan shot briefly to his feet, an energetic piece of business we took to indicate interest rather than mere politesse. "There're all kinds of fascinating women. It's a woman's life's work to attract; that's what makes them fun—because they can do it in all sorts of ways. In the same week, the same day, in the same hour or the space of a few minutes, they change." The woman who puts her money on consistency, it seems, will never win stripes for charm; much more alluring, in Mr. Kazan's view, is "the shimmer of uncertainty" and a certain evanescent illumination—"when that little light goes on inside, she glows. And that's usually when she's found something she wants to attract; then the intellectual takes off her spectacles." (Continued on page 28)

OBSERVATIONS ON STAR QUALITY BY ELIA KAZAN, THE DIRECTOR WHO DIS-COVERED LEE REMICK, EVA MARIE SAINT, CARROLL BAKER, MARLON BRANDO, JAMES DEAN, AND THE NEW NATALIE WOOD, FAMOUS FOR HIS TAUT, STRONG, DELICATELY BALANCED DI-RECTION OF SUCH PLAYS AS"THE SKIN OF OURTEETH," "A STREETCAR NAMED DE-SIRE," AND "J.B.," KAZAN THIS SEASON PRODUCED AND DIRECTED THE NERVE-TWINGING MOVIE, "SPLEN-DOR IN THE GRASS." HE IS WORKING NOW ON THE LINCOLN CENTER PROJECT AND MAKING PLANS TO WRITE A SCREENPLAY NEXT SUMMER IN GREECE, HIS OPERATIONAL HEADQUAR-TERS: AN ELEVATED, BROWN-PANELLED CAVE NOT FAR FROM TIMES SQUARE.

#### What makes a woman interesting continued

For a few rare creatures, the phosphorescence of star quality is visible most of the time, but in many more women it can't be seen at first glance, and it has—among other surprises—almost nothing to do with a fabulous face. "It's what's inside that counts," said Mr. Kazan. "There are eight million pretty girls around, maybe nine million, but being pretty isn't what makes stars. The unexpectedness of women is what makes them so interesting; it's a delightful sensation when you can't quite figure people out. . . . In women the quality of yearning is terribly important, hunger for experience, and a certain confusion, the feeling that they're searching for something and they're not sure how to get it. Lee Remick has it; that's what makes her exactly right."

Putting on an act gets a woman absolutely nowhere with Kazan—even if she's an actress. Candour, on the other hand, although it's not often considered one of the female virtues, he finds quite interesting because it upsets so many of the little fences of convention that surround women, all the rules about what to say, what not to say, how to look, what they must pretend not to feel. When a woman is absolutely candid, when she speaks without self-censorship, the appeal is sometimes tremendous—but only if she's the kind of woman (say, the young Katharine Hepburn or Grace Kelly) who can skip convention without being bold or brassy.

"I must have talked to ten thousand girls in my life," testified Kazan with no obvious regrets. "It's when they're alive and yearning that they enlist your sympathy. To have star quality a woman should make you feel that her fate matters; she should be able to involve you; you ought to think, after you've talked with her, 'gee, I hope she makes it.'"

What makes a woman worth looking at? "Men expect life to be thrilling to women. It's that great eagerness to be in the midst of life, the true relish for living that makes them something to see. . . . Nobody," Kazan lunged on, "needs a heroine who looks just like everyone else's heroine." And no woman should imitate another woman; if she does, she runs the lethal risk of looking like a standard brand: "There are too many standard brands among American women," grouched Kazan. "I pick my stars because they're pretty in an unexpected way; the more standard a girl looks, the less attractive she is. Natalie Wood never looked greater than she does in my picture (Splendor in the Grass)—just plain. Carroll Baker never looked more beautiful than she did in Baby Doll when she had white, stringy hair—I had it lightened for the part—with her face washed clean and no make-up."

Several beauty routines threaten to traumatize Mr. Kazan: Lipstick, for instance; he expects that to go, and next week wouldn't be too soon. The "cult of the thin woman" for which he blames the fashion magazines; plumpness, however, is absolutely out. And anyone who gives him "the feeling of a machine coming at you with long, red fingernails." That too-fresh-from-the-hairdresser look bugs him, too—"you get the idea that nothing must be upset, you mustn't touch anything." Over-artifice is okay on some girls, but it's hard to think of one, and the woman who gives the impression that she's always looking or about to look in the mirror is dreadful—"I like to be connected." . . . "If I were a woman—and God knows I'd have a helluva time with my looks—I would try to look as much like myself as possible and as little like everyone else."

Like himself, in fact, is the way Elia Kazan behaves—rugged without being tough, opinionated but not obnoxious, charged with energy, perception, and a nice fast shot of humour. About the kind of woman who entertains a man with talk-talk, he remarked endearingly, "Well, that's all right. Of course, you always wonder what the hell they're talking so much for."











# One new thing . .

Three more thoughts about one-andonly wardrobe additions, all three with an at-once-and-future clause. The belted suit, near right—because belts over jackets, belts over blouses have a whole new grip on fashion now. This belted suit is slightly fitted, a cross-rough of black, brown, and white in wool. The suit by Frank Gallant of Anglo wool tweed, about \$190, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Another one-and-only buy, Mr. John's big red printed hat. The dress that's an offbeat colour, far right—here, the muted green of eucalyptus leaves, softly bloused, in silk and Helanca stretch nylon. Dress by Ulla, about \$35, at Lord & Taylor; Bramson's; Neiman-Marcus. The bombé bracelet, right below—a new look in costume jewellery, characterized by a less exaggerated manner, a more realistic use of stones. Here, an armload of bogus pearls, jade, and emeralds. By De Mario, \$36 plus tax at Henri Bendel.







## One new thing . . .

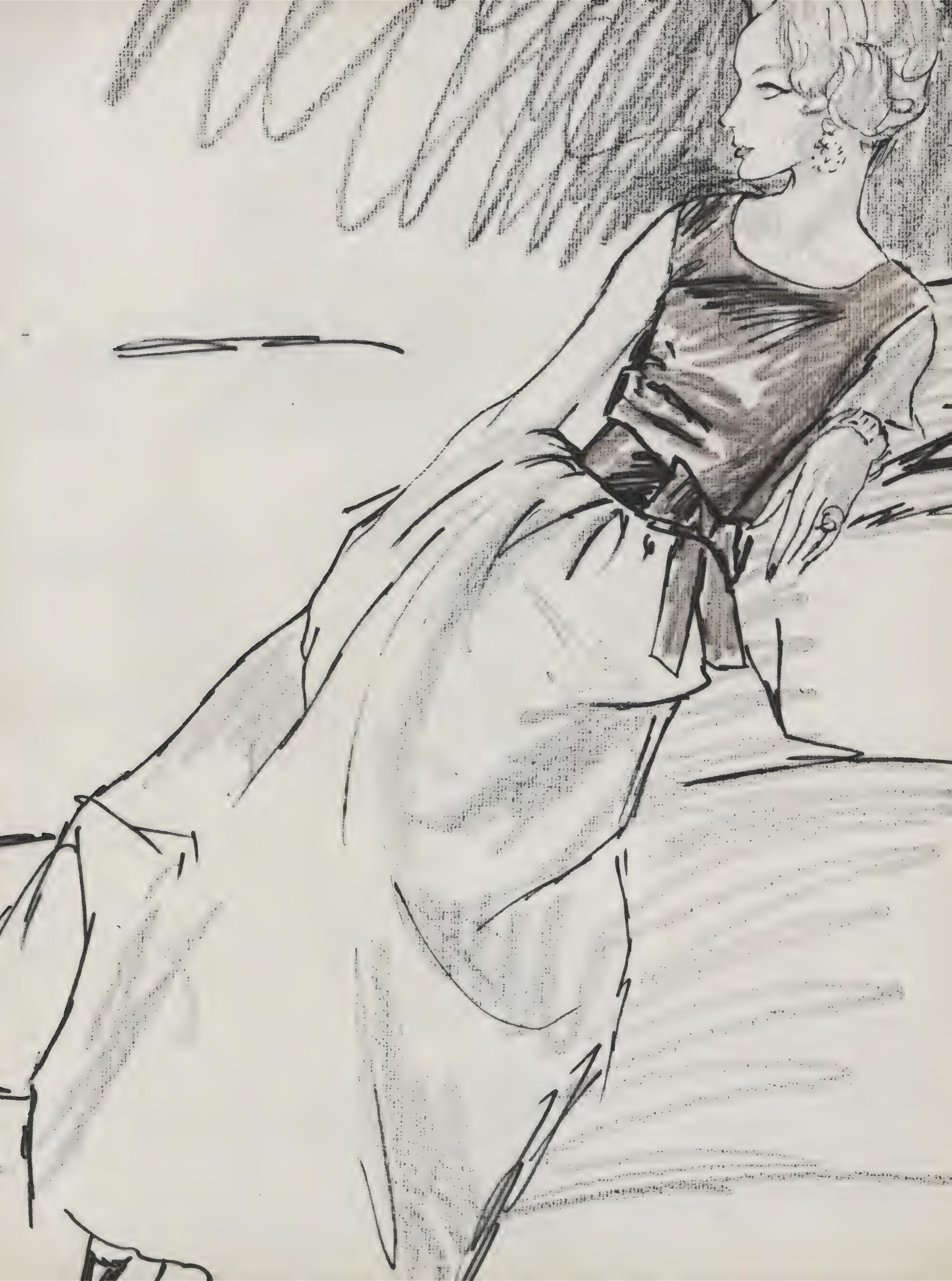
Zeroing in here on something pale and something blue—and on the kind of handbag that's unmistakably 1962. Blues in the suit news, far leftthis year one good blue is clear, unclouded; the suit is apt to go like this: lightly fitted jacket that stops at the hipbone; wide-angle sleeves. By Handelsman & Raiffe, of Anglo wool; about \$120. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. White felt hat by Emme. The 1962 handbag, cornered, far left -scaled-down alligator. Here, smaller than '61's all-day portables, a longhandled black handbag by Koret; \$125, plus tax. At Bergdorf Goodman. Brilliant pale coat. left-beige streaked with rust brown in an elusive almostchecked effect. This is shape played way down (some kimonos aren't this simple) for the benefit of one of the most exciting fabrics around—a mohair-and-wool mix so light it's a surprise to lift. By Laird Knox; about \$190. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus.

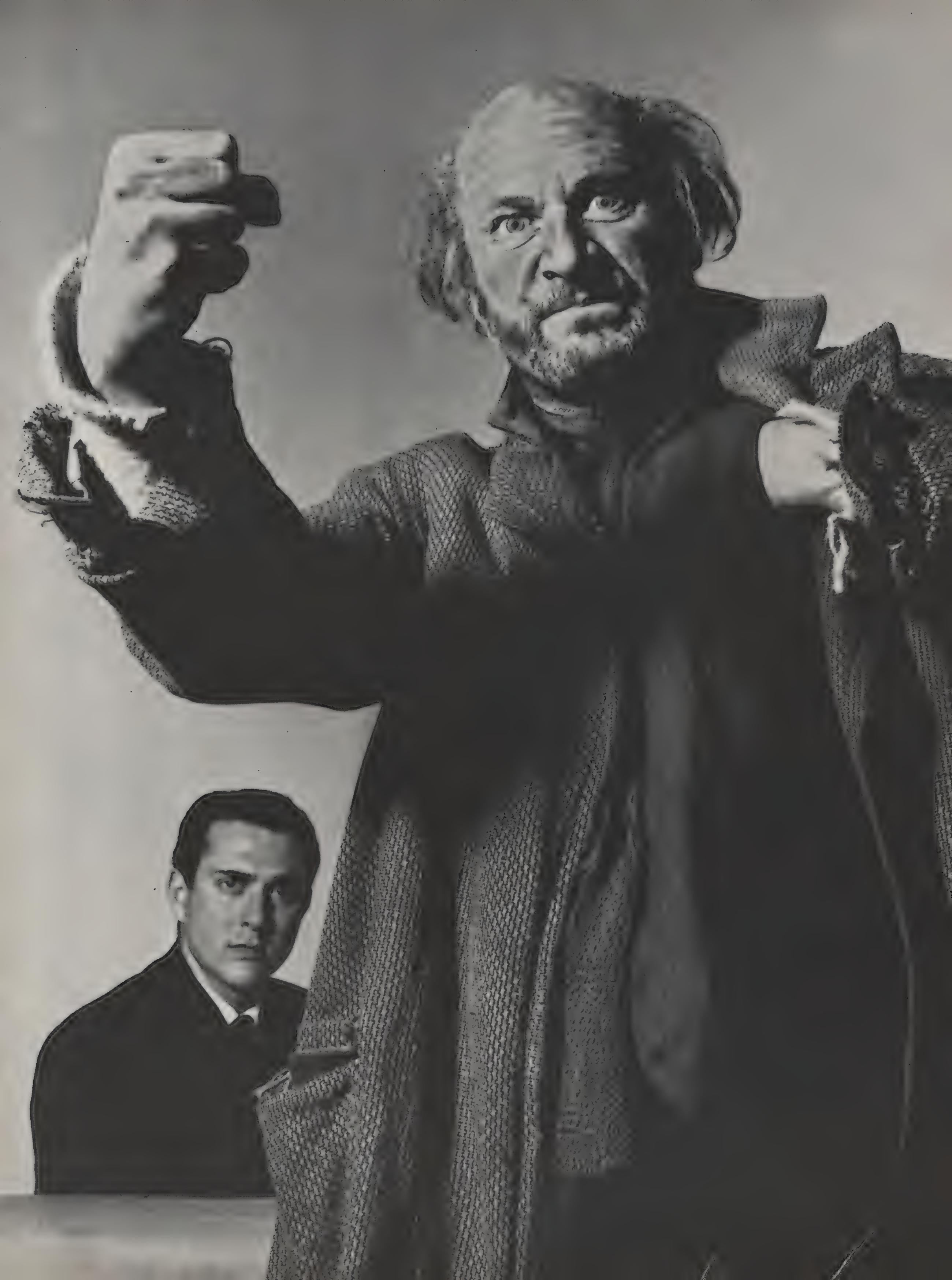
PALUMBO - 35



# One new thing...

Civet cat underplay, right: A jacket that goes out at night. This one turns up for big and little evenings, works equally well with a long brocade dress, or a short black dress. It's made of pale blue taffeta, has soft elbow-length sleeves; its un-secret inner life is a lining of black and white civet cat. By Style Trends. At Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Al Rosenthal; Battelstein's. Big-evening long division, farright: Separates for evening not only at-home evenings, going-out evenings: good onenew-thing (or, technically, two new things) to buy and wear right now. Here the top is bronze-coloured satin with its own wide belt (separate). The long, full skirt is of just-offwhite ottoman. By Sloat. The top, of silk satin, \$35; the skirt, worsted and silk ottoman, \$70. At Bergdorf Goodman.







# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... This Osbert Lancaster line about a politician: "But that's what one admires about him—once he's made up his mind, no power on earth can make him stick to it."... The tripping sound of "plastique," which in Paris means bombs, the hand kind that are so easily thrown... In Search of a Character: Two African Journals by Graham Greene, who, in this new slight book, has this fresh Lincoln anecdote told by an American during an argument with a Scot who preferred dictatorship to democracy—he was drunk—: "I have a letter Abraham Lincoln wrote to my grandfather. My grandfather was angry with him for not passing an anti-slavery Law. Lincoln's last sentence was: 'The people must decide or how are we greater than Kings?'"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Those two international racing car champions, nineteen- and twenty-one-year-old Ricardo and Pedro Rodriguez, brothers who have been racing in Mexico since they were fourteen.... The new, but unfinished bleaching of Paris, the stone of the buildings revealed often as a delicate shade of Rachel powder, exquisite by sun or moon or floodlights, especially the Place de la Concorde.... In Rome, Pier Paolo Pasolini, who looks more like an Italian boxer than a genius of literature and whose second book of poems, *The Religion of My Time*, not only satirizes the different worlds of Rome, but has a bitter-sad humour.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The remarkable exhibition of Braque art at the Louvre, the first time this French museum has shown a living painter... London's gold-key club, The Saddle Room in Mayfair, where this barn-like dance place, with music by three hi-fi sets, is very horsey, pink coats on the wall, hunting horns, guns, sawed-off barrels for tables, and on small chair-kegs, the young and pretty of the town... Broadway's *The Complaisant Lover*, junior exercise about adultery in which the husband, played by Sir Michael Redgrave, almost ruins the plot by being more attractive in the third act than the lover.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Daughter of the House by Evelyn Ames who has written an oddly delightful and confusing memoir with this bit of wisdom, said by a nurse forbidding anyone to
mention sickness in the room where Mrs. Ames's father, dying, slid in and out of understanding:
"We have no idea what the sick hear, even in coma."... Huguette Hue, a young French actress
who plays a kitchen maid in the Anouilh play, La Grotte, in Paris, where her particular charms
include a voice of a child, and the look of Saxony porcelain.... The smokeless zones of London—
there the fires burning with coalite are lit by a gas object that looks like a marcel iron.... The
art perfection of the production in Paris of the Giraudoux play, Judith, in which Loteh Bellon as the
Biblical Judith in ghost-grey with long black hair acts against the bold sharp sets of Max Ernst,
whose wife, Dorothea Tanning, designed the costumes, and Darius Milhaud the music, with the direction firmly done by Jean-Louis Barrault.... The infinite uses of that yeasty word, bumpf, for junk.

"THE CARETAKER": Harold Pinter, its author, and Donald Pleasence, one of its three stars. In this remarkable English play, Harold Pinter has set down three men, two young and perhaps somewhat cracked, and one old man, used-up, mean, and complaining, in a single surrealistically disordered attic room, and let them talk abruptly in clipped sentences or in long repetitive monologues; out of these oddities has come one of Broadway's definite box-office triumphs. Harold Pinter is a rather glossy young English actor with a furious ability to amuse and frighten audiences until they laugh, embarrassed at themselves for their laughter. His point is that curiously popular myth—the difficulty of communication, a difficulty that his characters suffer from, but never this dramatist. For his fermenting, uncorked caretaker, Pinter has had the gift of Donald Pleasence. A forty-year-old Yorkshireman, Pleasence plays the part with a Welsh accent and an unnerving power, his face sometimes slack as blood, his eyes sometimes frayed and mad, his fingers working, his voice the drill of a whine, particularly when against the two frozen young men who are putting him out of that cosy corner attic, he asks, "What am I going to do?" as he faces into the wind of his terrifying world.

#### THE NEW CLEOPATRA COMPLEX

Cleopatra, at the height of her fascination and power, sailed with Caesar to Rome where, the record shows, her potent, volatile charms turned the vox pop decidedly pettish. Her experience, in fact, was quite the reverse of Cleopatra Taylor's. Miss Taylor's jet-powered descent was preceded by a retinue of movie moguls and empire builders who have turned twelve of the city's acres into a first-century Forum and taken over another twenty near Anzio for the reproduction of Cleopatra's Alexandria, complete with an eighty-foot palace (later it may be a night club), a royal tomb, Rex Harrison as Caesar, Richard Burton as Antony, and myriad press agents—all part of the new Big Egypt complex, flooding the production of Twentieth Century's giant flicker. To this Cleopatra the Romans seem anything but hostile; their designers are plotting some not-too-broody Cleo clothes; the papers are full of Liz; and the Queen of the Nile coiffure can be felt at least as far north as Paris. Recently Alexandre, the great French hairdresser, flew to Rome specially to do Miss Taylor's hair for this photograph, flew back to design the non-cinema coifs on the next two pages. In the movie, however, she will wear wigs and costumes (one shown here) designed by Irene Sharaff, as well as all the unbeatable Plutarch standbys—from the bale of carpets to the last asp. Everything is recklessly and gloriously in keeping with the original Antony-Cleopatra circle who, Plutarch says, chose to call themselves "The Inimitable Livers." Everything except Elizabeth Taylor's real and apparently indestructible beauty; for all her monumental allure, the Queen of Queens—though she was the first ruler to be called a dish—was short on looks. But "it was a pleasure," wrote Plutarch, "merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another"... "the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible." This tribute came from an admirer born only eighty years after Cleopatra's snaky suicide, but E. M. Forster, roughly two thousand years later, expressed his feelings about the same "wonderful piece of work" in similarly violet prose: "She was a flower that Alexandria had taken three hundred years to produce and that eternity can not wither, and she unfolded herself to [Antony] a simple but intelligent Roman soldier." Her present biographer, Joseph Mankiewicz, reportedly rushes out the script in pencil by night, shoots it the following day. To all challenges, Miss Taylor presents an on-location manner that's disciplined and direct. Off-set she's as languid as a cheetah, relaxing, cat-like, at her Via Appia villa with her husband, three children, four dogs, two Siamese cats, sipping champagne by the pool, letting the world come to her—and it does. For this photograph, Bert Stern went from New York to Rome, where, after six hours of costuming, make-up, and posing, Miss Taylor, flash-tempered but not untractable, halted the legions: "You tried, I tried, we did the best we can do."

# elizabeth taylor as cleopatra





Part of the new blaze of interest in Cleopatra: at Vogue's request, Paris' great Alexandre designed these coiffures in the mood of ancient Egypt. Contemporary, non-theatrical, they're frankly a far cry from Ptolemaic times, though the lofty, backswept lines have a slightly Netertiti teeling. Above, a young Paris beauty, the Comlesse Michel de Genay — bland, green-eyed — as coiffed by Alexandre. Her hair is piled high, ribboned smoothly above the brow.



he Queen of the Nile influence again: for Mrs. Guinness, Alexandre created this soft, quite short, daylime coiffure. The height builds up well back on the head; with tendrily ear-curls, bangs frayed gently across the brow. Mrs. Guinness, the former Dolores von Furstenberg, has deep-grey eyes, ashbland hair, a chiselled-in-marble kind of profile. An international beauty, half Mexican, half German, she lives in Switzerland with her British husband.



## Brilliant nowthe pales

This year's idea of brilliance: pales—all natural blond shades of vanilla, oatmeal, straw, sand, ecru, with whitish grey thrown in for good fashion measure. What pales do: rise above seasons, form fresh alliances with dark accessories (glacé gloves, for instance), and—above all—deliver flattery to the face every time. Left: Suit of two pales—vanilla beige with early-sky blue, outward bound in black braid. By Handmacher; suit of rayon, acetate, cotton, and linen tweed; blouse, rayon shantung. About \$45. Earrings by Richelieu. Gloves by Superb. All at Altman's. Suit, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros.; Famous-Barr. White straw hat by Sally Victor. Lipstick: Fair Pink, by Rexall. Right: Pale-beige suit of linen-and-wool tweed, the shell jacket bound and frogged in black silk; a blouse inside is white linen. Like its antecedent above, this operates in almost any climate, any month. By Branell, of Anglo fabric; about \$185 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Al Rosenthal; Battelstein's. Hat by Mr. John.





### The pales continued

Left: Pale grey, blanched with white threads to a mealy saltand-pepper wool tweed, here in a low-collared suit with a bow at the neck, a skirt with panelled front. The lines, the look-youthful, trim, and amenable to most months in most cities. By Dan Millstein, of Forstmann fabric; about \$110. Gilt earrings. Dawnelle gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Suit: Rich's: Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Right: Pale Chanelism—a sandy beige suit with straight overblousiness to its jacket and inner top. The latter, of silk, and a buff for more paleness. By Marquise, of diagonal worsted by Raeford; about \$215 at Hattie Carnegie; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Nicholas Ungar. Straw Breton by Mr. John.



### The pales continued

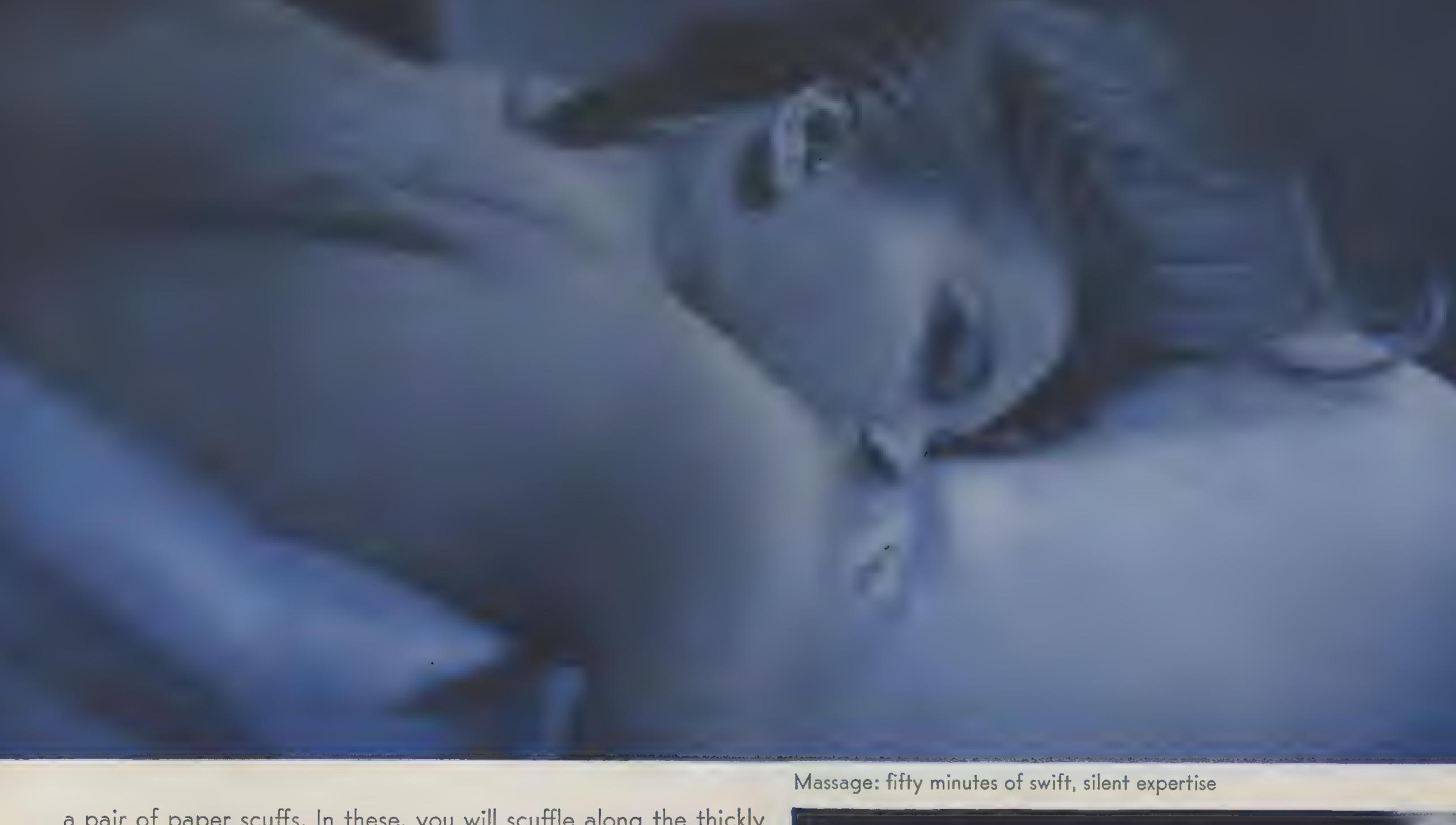
Left: This paleness, a wonderful hybrid called a coat-dress that fulfills, in fashionable reality, both halves of its title. String-beige linen that could have a good six-monthsa-year run, counting north and south bookings. (Under it, when it's working as a coat, could be a pale silk dress like the one opposite.) By Georgia Bullock, of Moygashel linen: about \$90. Bracelets by De Nicola. Both at Best & Co. The coat-dress, also at L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Right: Pale silk dress the colour of sunned sand, with a wide neck that V's lowly at the back, cap sleeves, bloused top. The skirt, box-pleated twice at the front. By Vera Stewart; about \$160. Gloves by Viola Weinberger. Gilt ring. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Montaldo's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Printed hat, by Mr. John.

PALUMBO









a pair of paper scuffs. In these, you will scuffle along the thickly red-carpeted corridor, stopping first at the doctor's office. The lady in residence there merely wants to check your weight (if it's excessive, she will devise a proper diet, and jot it down on a chart—a chart that fills rapidly with sound advice as the Day progresses), ask about any serious illnesses you may have had, and, in general, make certain that you're up to the rigours of Rubinstein. In fact, the most rigourous thing you will have to face is now about to be faced. In the exercise room you are confronted with an unsparing wall of mirrors and Miss Charlotte Hess, who heads up the exercise division at Rubinstein, and who is equally unsparing, though charmingly tactful about it all.

cented murmur, she will record your present measurements on the chart that was begun in the doctor's office, and note, next to these, how she feels things ought to be. You are now ready to start closing the gap between you-present and Miss Charlotte's vision of you-future. Because it's your figure and your problems that are up for improvement first, the routines that follow vary from woman to woman, concentrating on a great deal of legwork and hip twirling if that's where your trouble lies, or a lot of bending from side to side if it's your waistline and midriff that need looking into. What you can count on is that there will be considerable stretching in an all-out effort to do something about the way you sit and stand and move; improve a woman's posture, the feeling is, and you've got half the figure-battle licked. Everything—the stretching, bending, legwork, et cetera (Continued on page 99)





# THE BULL FROM THE SEA By Mary Renault

Editor's note: Mary Renault, famous for the skill of her Greek novels, The Last of the Wine and The King Must Die, is an English novelist who writes under this pseudonym and now lives in Durban, South Africa. Her literary renown comes, however, from her superb knowledge of Crete and Greece, from her talent for making humans of legends. In this excerpt from her novel, The Bull from the Sea, to be published soon by Pantheon Press, she goes further with the story of Theseus, who intelligently outwitted and killed the famous Greek-devouring monster, the Minotaur, and returned from Knossos with his co-ed bull-dancers to see his father, King Aigeus.

It was dolphin weather, when I sailed into Piraeus with my comrades of the Cretan bull ring. Knossos had fallen, which time out of mind had ruled the seas. The smoke of the burning Labyrinth still clung to our clothes and hair.

I sprung ashore and grasped both hands full of Attic earth. It stuck to my palms as if it loved me. Then I saw the staring people, not greeting us, but calling each other to see the Cretan strangers.

I looked at my team, the boys and girls of Athens' tribute, carried to Crete to learn the bull-vault and dance for Minotauros on bloody sand. They showed me myself, as I must look to Attic eyes: a bull-dancer of Crete, smooth-shaven, fined down to a whiplash by the training; my waist in a gilded cinch-belt, my silk kilt stitched with peacock eyes, my lids still smudged with kohl; nothing Hellene about me, but my flaxen hair. My necklace and arm-rings were not grave jewels of a kingly house, but the costly gauds of the Bull Court, the gift of sport-loving lords and man-loving ladies to a bull-boy who will go in with the music and fly up with the horns.

Small wonder no one knew me. The bull ring is a dye that seeps into one's soul. Even till my feet touched Attic soil, the greater part of me had been Theseus the Athenian, teamleader of the Cranes; the odds-on fancy, the back-somersault boy, the first of the bull-leapers. They had painted me on the walls of the Labyrinth, carved me in ivory; there had been little gold Theseuses on the women's bracelets. The ballad-makers had promised themselves and me a thousand years of singing. In these things my pride still lingered. Now it was time to be my father's son.

There were great shouts about us. The crowd had seen who we were. They thronged around calling the news along towards Athens and the Rock, and stretching their eyes at the King's son tricked out like a mountebank. Women screamed

out for pity at the scars on my breast and sides from glancing bull-horns. All of us had them. They thought we had been flogged. I saw the faces of my team looking dashed a little, even in the rejoicing. In Crete, all the world had known these for our honours, the badges of fine-cut skill.

I thought of the solemn dirges when I sailed, the tears and rent hair, the keening for me, self-offered scapegoat of the god. All that could not be told broke from me in a laugh; and some old woman kissed me.

In the Bull Court, boys' and girls' voices had never ceased all day. I heard them still. "Look, we are back! Yes, every one of us; look, there is your son. No, the Cretans will not chase us, there is no Minos now. The House of the Ax has fallen! We fought a great battle there, after the earthquake. Theseus killed the heir, the Minotauros. We are free! And there is no Cretan tribute any more!"

People stared and murmured. It was too great for joy.

A world without Crete was a new thing under the sun. Then
young men leaped and raised the paean.

I said smiling to the team, "Suppers at home." Yet my heart was thinking, "Leave the tale so, dear comrades of our mystery. You have told them all they will understand; don't cry against the wind." They chattered on; I could hear it now with an Attic ear, foreign as bird-song. "We are the Cranes! The Cranes, the Cranes, the first team in the Bull Court. A whole year in the ring, and all alive; the first time in the annals and they go back six hundred years. Theseus did it, he trained us. Theseus is the greatest bull-leaper who ever was in Crete. Even here in Athens, you must have heard of the Cranes!"

The kinsfolk clasped their darlings, shook their heads and stared. Fathers were grabbing my hands and kissing them for bringing their children home. I made some answer. How we had prayed and plotted in the Bull Court to get away! And now, how hard to shed it from (Continued on page 96)

The ribboned blouse: It's the crux of a tricolour suit-look that links red, white, and navy blue—a linkage that's never been more timely. The blouse, white cotton piqué, is bisected by white ribbon piped in navy blue. Suit, by Maurice Rentner, of Bellaine wool. Marvella earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit also: Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's. Emme hat. Garnet lipstick: Granata, by Princesse Marcella Borghese.











### The upswept waist— its line of fur

The waist-lift now—not extreme, simply an easy mezzo-soprano level that curves softly under the bosom, tapers to a narrowly slanted skirt. The effect? Gentle, soft, feminine, especially in night-looks. One, at right: a long white silk crêpe dress with some Greek-ness that could work its charms during all the months of this year. By Paul Whitney. Marvella necklace. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Shoes by Capezio.

To wrap up a high waist—this much fur cape, left, just as long as a high-waisted dress top, with necklace-showing neck, a soft ledge of collar. The cape here, of Aurora chinchilla; by Ben Kahn. Scaasi earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Cape, also at Nan Duskin; Creed's of Toronto.





#### The upswept waist continued

The waist lifting, opposite, an idea that could have started with the caryatids—who probably felt that, while holding up all those cornices, their figures might as well look sensational. This idea, just as sound today, in a dinner dress of pleated black crêpe, the crossed bands forming a back bow. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland in Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric); about \$200. Altman's; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros.

Another waist up for the evening—a dress, left, of navy-blue silk, its top curved in to a high flat bow, over a cone-shaped skirt. By Christian Dior-New York. Necklace by Coro. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; Neiman-Marcus.



## "THE BEST OF THE BEST"

#### Quick tastes of the best new books around

Here are swatches from four books that stretch in time from mediaeval days to today, touching on sculpture, on the necessity for democracy in the new nations, with stop-overs in the eighteenth century and the days of World War II. The notable authors are Evelyn Waugh, Justice William O. Douglas, Sir Harold Nicolson, Denis Grivot and George Zarnecki.

islebertus, Sculptor of Autun is undoubtedly one of the best art books of the year—a distinguished achievement of scholarship, photography, and publishing. It began with Arnold Fawcus, head of the Trianon Press in Paris, who commissioned the whole work and then induced Orion Press in New York to do the American edition. Not much is known about Gislebertus, a twelfth-century genius, the only artist whose work survives who carried out the lavish sculptural decoration of a great church, practically alone for at least ten years of continuous work. This mediaeval masterpiece in Burgundy is the Romanesque Cathedral of St. Lazarus, the saintly brother of Mary Magdalen. From about 1125 to 1135 Gislebertus worked both inside and outside the church, telling the stories of the Bible, sometimes with humourous touches, sometimes grotesquely, sometimes with a marvellous tenderness, all roped together by inventive abstract decoration. Roping the art history and the specific details for this book Denis Grivot and George Zarnecki worked together; this photograph by Franceschi shows the fall of Simon Magus, a sorcerer of Samaria who offered money to St. Peter to obtain spiritual powers. (It is from this that the word simony derives.) Helped by the Devil, Simon Magus flew through the air, but when the prayers of the apostles deprived him of this occult power, he crashed to earth, his tongue lolling, his eyes bugged, watched in this sculpture by St. Paul and St. Peter and the Devil. Here an excerpt on the mediaeval mind:

Most men in the Middle Ages were preoccupied with the terrors of hell, devils, and monsters, and the artists almost delighted in giving these notions as dreadful a form as possible. Gislebertus was no exception to this. On the contrary, he even surpassed his contemporaries in some of his inventions. After seeing his work, who can forget, for instance, the expression of utter terror on the face of the figure seized by the throat by two enormous hands appearing from nowhere, or that procession of men and women whose expressions and gestures show so vividly that there is no hope for them—only eternal despair?

novel so richly complex in the details of legacies and divorce settlements and parties and kinship that it remains perilously but successfully just this side of impenetrability, The End of the Battle is the final volume in Evelyn Waugh's great trilogy about the English during World War II. In this volume, published this month by Little, Brown, the patterns begun in Waugh's Men at Arms and Officers and Gentlemen come finally clear: the ambiguities of war, the dissolution not only of the English social order but of all the forms of Western civilization, the attempted commitment of

an English Catholic, Guy Crouchback, who went to war when he was thirty-five, at the time of the 1939 Molotov-Ribbentrop Treaty, because he believed then that "the enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms. Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle." In this excerpt, Crouchback's former wife, a bright, extravagant, likeable, and emotionally foolish young woman named Virginia Troy, discusses with a friend, Kerstie Kilbannock, her need for money. It is October of 1943; Virginia's most recent husband, an American, has just divorced her. Virginia says:

"So not only no alimony, but an overdraft and a huge lawyer's bill. I did the only thing I could and sold jewels. The beasts gave me half what they cost; said no one was buying at the moment."

"Just what they said to Brenda."

"Then this morning a very awkward thing happened. One of the things I sold was a pair of clips Augustus gave me. I'd quite forgotten about them till they turned up in an old bag. What's more I'd forgotten that when I lost them years ago I had reported it to the insurance company and been paid. Apparently I've committed a criminal offence. They've been fairly decent about that. They aren't going to the police or anything, but I've got to refund the money—£250. It doesn't sound much, but I haven't got it. So this afternoon I've been hawking furs around. They say no one's buying them either, though I should have thought it's just what everyone will want with winter coming on and no coal."

"I always envied your furs," said Kerstie.

"Yours for two hundred and fifty."

"What's the best offer you got?"

"Believe it or not, £75."

"I happen to have a little money in the bank at the moment," said Kerstie thoughtfully. "I could go a bit higher than that."

"I need three times as much."

"You must have some other things left."

"All I possess in the world is downstairs in your hall."

"Let's go through it, Virginia. You always had so many things. I'm sure we can find something. There's that cigarette case you're using now."

"It's badly knocked about."

"But it was good once."

"Mr. Troy, Cannes, 1936."

"I'm sure we can find enough to make up £250."

"Oh Kerstie, you are a comfort to a girl."

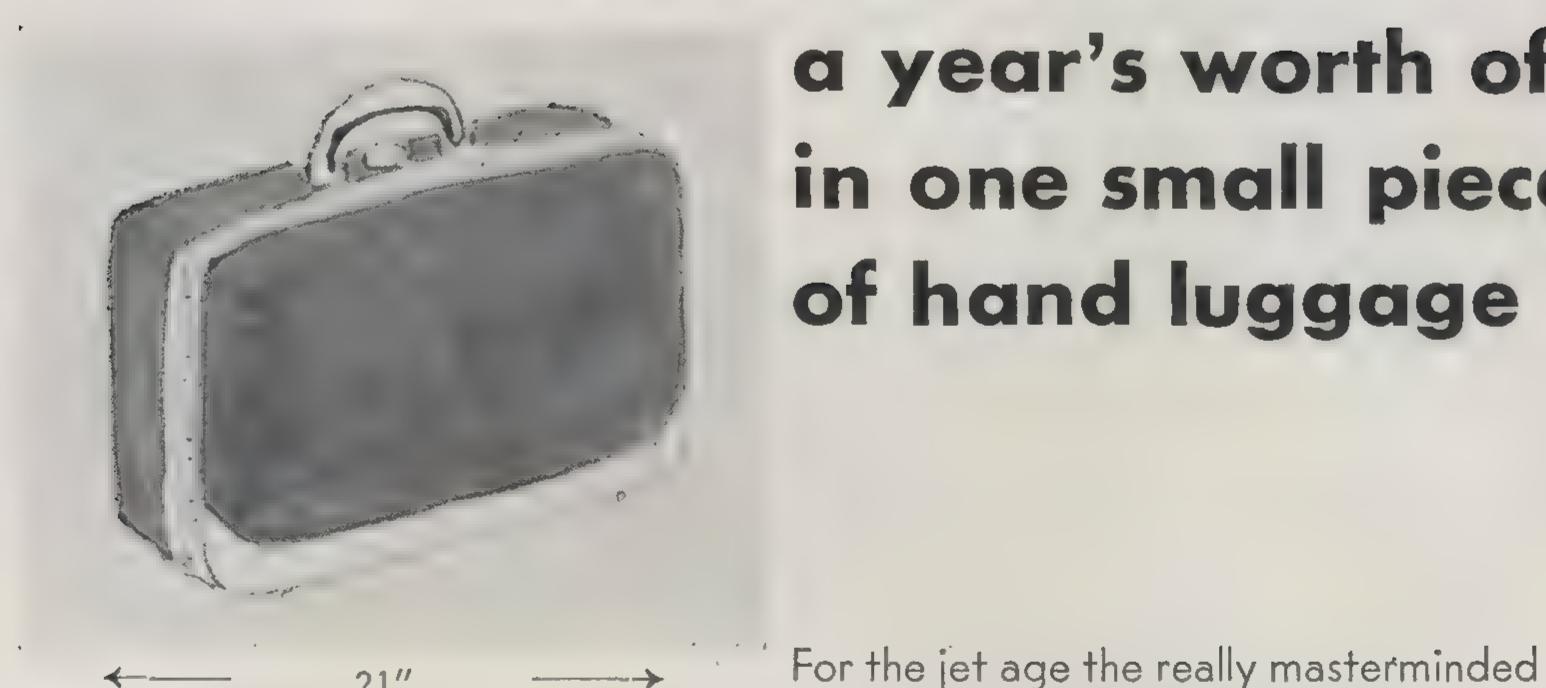
So the two of them, who had "come out" the same year and led such different lives, the one so prodigal, the other so circumspect and sparing, spread out Virginia's possessions over the grubby sofa and spent all that evening like Gypsy hucksters examining and pricing those few surviving trophies of a decade of desirable womanhood, and in the end went off to bed comforted, each in her way, and contented with their traffic.

(Continued on page 100)



#### Jet wardrobe:

a year's worth of chic in one small piece of hand luggage



Above: To hold everything -except what's worn en route—the case for jet travel is black cotton duck trimmed in tan; measures 21" x 15" x 7". About \$40





airborne wardrobe is not only light of weight and built to ward off wrinkles, it is compact—geared to one small suitcase even a fragile traveller can carry with her, and keep tucked under the seat of the plane (no danger of luggage getplus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue. ting off in Paris when the owner is getting off in Rome). The woman who travels this way is first through customs, first to a taxi. gets where she's going unfrazzled. On these pages: The Jet Age Wardrobe, planned for two weeks away, even three, if you can make the time to keep your clothes in pristine order. Opposite page: To wear in transit, the only bulk in the wardrobe. The coat is Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. seven-eighths length. By Ritter Bros. Also at F. & R. Lazarus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. The hat—a beige felt pleated crescent by Emme—folds up (see sketch) into a corner. Details on the suit and accessories are on the next pages. This page, left: Day to dinner dress, of almost weightless black knitted wool, flares a little toward the hem. By Goldworm. About \$40. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Right: For all black-tie evenings: black rayon matte jersey; reverse décolletage, shirred at the neckline and waist. By Donald Brooks of Jasco fabric. About \$160. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

JÉRÔME DUCROT













# The year of the BLOUSE

Blouses have a whole new fashion impact this season. No accessory after the fact of the suit or skirt; no anonymity for them. Some have a new authority all their own, some have almost the presence of a jacket, others stand for a new set of blouse opinions. The newest looking blouses go inside skirts; overblouses now are slightly fitted, some belted, some self-tied. Wild-flower prints sprout under bulky tweeds, brocades glitter under wool. Here and on the next four pages, a preview collection of some of the newest blouse looks going around this year. Facing page: A strictly fresh way of looking at a blouse and skirt—a banana-yellow silk blouse, sprayed with trapunto tulips, and a banana-yellow wool tweed skirt, both with an exciting new presence. Blouse, about \$40; skirt, about \$55, at Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. The make-up by Michel, sun-tinted to wear with yellows, the foundation Base No. 2; the eye shadow is Verona Brown; and the lipstick, a golden pink, Fiesta. Near right: Columns of wild flowers, yellow, orange, and green on a white ground, in this shirt of Dacron and cotton. The black straw Breton takes it into town; without a hat, it leads a wonderful at-home life. Shirt by Lady Manhattan, about \$7, at Lord & Taylor: Roos-Atkins. Hat by Sally Victor. Far right: Pleated and ruffled, a charmer in white, with buttons down the back. It is shown here with a huge black and white polka-dot shade hat of organza. This blouse is of Dacron and cotton, by Ship 'n Shore; about \$4, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.

































Beauty
round-upovernight
successes

LINGERIE RAVE—NOTHING BUT COLOUR. At left, an impression of success: the news of lingerie that's nothing but pure shape and brilliant colour—nightdresses, peignoirs, slips, dazzled with immense, unflowery flowers, or dappled with strokes of colour. Starting at the upper left corner, and continuing counter-clockwise: sun-coloured roses on a nightdress shaped like a primer A; by Vanity Fair. Next, lights and depths of yellow, tossed with fresh greens; these turn up in a nightdress and peignoir by Seamprufe. In the centre, worn by the model, a high-yoked nightdress brush-stroked with coral, pink, yellow; by Munsingwear. Over the model's left arm, a sunset of colour—pinks, corals, yellow, and orange—in a petticoat by Laros. Further details, illustrations, page 104.

Beauty treatments get better all the time. Take night creams: in the old days, presumably to show it meant business, a night cream had to be sticky, thick as tar, and leave a coating on the skin's surface that was as shiny and clinging as maple syrup on tepid waffles. (If you're wondering what earthly purpose it served sitting there, on top of the skin, we'll tell you: it was good for a great number of tiresome jokes about how perfectly awful women looked when they went to bed at night.) Now let's take a look at how things are today—a quick look, because, as it happens, one important point about the new night creams is how speedily they vanish into the skin leaving, at most, a not at all unattractive dewiness on the surface. The other important point-for all their light and engagingly retiring ways, night creams now are astonishingly rich: teeming as they are with a complexity of vitamins, humectants, and sundry emollients, they are impressively equipped to help keep a woman's skin up to the mark. Here are some of the preparations on hand now: Creme ISR is the somewhat cryptic name of a cream that couldn't be more direct about its intentions: getting the skin to drink in great gulps of moisture is the object. Moister-looking skin = youngerlooking skin. Bonne Bell makes ISR (its pet name, by the way, is Increased Skin Respiration), and prescribes it especially for skin that is quite frank about the number of years it's been around.... Frances Denney has also given the problem of aging skin considerable thought, and the result is New Life, a cream that aims to cushion the blows of your old life by persuading the skin cells to increase their oxygen intake. Very smoothing and softening this cream is, and since it—like most of the creams under discussion here—virtually sinks into the skin, the sensible thing would be to wear it all day, under make-up, as well as overnight. ... Simplicity itself is Rexall's method of getting skin to appear silkier; their new Transcenda cream contains—among oils and moisturizers meant to compensate for the ones your skin may have lost-micronized silk in a formula that's particularly kind to the allergy-prone. . . . The John Robert Powers people have been up to all sorts of good. First of all, there's the news of Privilege, which, in night-cream form, represents Powers' fulltilt campaign against tired-looking skin. All sorts of oils, humectants, and vitamins go into this one, but what brings a real glow of pride to the JRP crowd is an ingredient called Viacel, about which they are understandably mysterious. (Note: Privilege will be in the shops early next month.) The second piece of good news from Powers is Triumph, a two-part nightly routine for the benefit of throats. Part one involves a clear masque-like jelly, which is smoothed on with long, firm strokes, left on for twenty minutes, and removed with dampened cotton. Part two: an oil containing half-a-dozen vitamins, and this stays overnight. If everything goes according to plan, twelve nights of Triumph should result in a firmer-looking, sleeker-feeling neckline. (Powers, clearly convinced that things will go according to plan, has doled out the oil to last exactly twelve nights and included some simple, but effective, throat exercises in the bargain.) ... Eyes starved for affection? Alexandra de Markoff to the rescue: Eye Oil Stick comes in a lipstick case, liquefies the moment it touches the skin, and dispenses not a whit more oil than is needed to keep the eye area properly lubricated—day and night.

# YOGUE'S FASHIONS in LIVING



#### 10 MEAL-MAKER SOUPS

#### Recipes and menus from eight great cooks

"I live," wrote Molière in Les Femmes Savantes, "on good soup, not on good syntax." M. Molière's point: what good is an intellectual woman if she can not cook? Our point: with a rare exception, to be truly in tune with the world, a woman must be a good cook—the kind of good cook that has in her repertoire at least one meal-maker soup. For this corral of soups-to-make-a-meal-of, eight literate hostesses—every one of them writes about food, as well as producing it—have provided their own proven formulae. With each soup goes a menu, listing the few escorts needed to accompany soup to table and round out the culinary gala.

#### Soupe au pistou

(Provençal vegetable soup with garlic, basil, and herbs)
SOUPE AU PISTOU

FRENCH BREAD CHEESE

RED BARTLETT PEARS

Wine: Côtes-du-Rhône

either boil the water, vegetables, and salt slowly in a 6-quart kettle for 40 minutes; or pressure-cook for 5 minutes, release pressure, and simmer uncovered for 15 to 20 minutes. Correct seasoning.

Twenty minutes before serving, so the green vegetables will retain their freshness, add the beans, spaghetti or vermicelli, bread, and seasonings to the boiling soup. Boil slowly for about 15 minutes, or until the green beans are just cooked through. Correct seasoning again.

Prepare the following pistou while the soup is cooking: Place the garlic, tomato purée or paste, basil, and cheese in the soup tureen and blend to a paste with a wooden spoon; then, drop by drop, beat in the olive oil. When the soup is ready for serving, beat a cupful gradually into the pistou. Pour in the rest of the soup. Serve with French bread, or hard-toasted bread rounds basted with olive oil.

For six to eight people

3 quarts water
2 cups each: diced carrots, diced
boiling potatoes, diced white
of leek or onions

1 tablespoon salt
2 cups diced green beans or 1

package frozen cut beans

2 cups cooked or canned navy beans
or kidney beans

1/3 cup broken spaghetti or vermicelli
1 slice stale white bread, crumbled

1/8 teaspoon pepper • Saffron
4 cloves mashed garlic

6 tablespoons fresh tomato purée or 4 tablespoons tomato paste 1/4 cup chopped fresh basil or

11/2 tablespoons fragrant dried basil

1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/4 to 1/2 cup fruity olive oil

Oyster oyster soup

Mary Frost Mabon has written many magazine articles on food and wine, as well as an unusual cookbook called A Meal in Itself... A Book of Soups, published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. The soup here, "the most oystery-tasting soup imaginable," is part of the Mabon New England Sunday Supper Menu, which reads:

OYSTER OYSTER SOUP

Served from a tureen with croûtes passed separately
LARGE PLATTER OF BIG BROWN BAKED APPLES
CHILLED CREAM, SO THICK IT WILL SCARCELY POUR
DRIED FIGS, WALNUT MEATS, RAISINS, ALMONDS

Wine: Montilla or very dry sherry

urée oysters in mechanical blender. Reserve. Sauté minced shallots in heavy pan over low heat, cover, till tender (about 15 minutes), add consommé, clam juice, and oyster juice.

Now transfer to large double boiler. Keep heat low. Whisk cream into slightly beaten egg yolks. Whisk some of the hot shallot broth into this. Add mixture to soup in double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly till soup thickens. Do not allow to boil or it will curdle. When mixture becomes the consistency of heavy cream, add herbs and puréed oysters. Season. Serve very hot.

For four people

1 pint fresh oysters, drained
(reserve juice) or a 12-ounce
package thawed frozen oysters
(reserve juice)
3 tablespoons (measured finely

minced) shallots
1/4 cup (measured melted) butter

21/2 cups clear chicken consommé

1 cup light cream

1 small bottle clam juice

4 egg yolks

2 tablespoons parsley

2 tablespoons chives (measured)

Seasoning of white pepper, cayenne, salt

kitchen here, preparing Soupe au Pistou, is Julia Child, co-founder, with Simone Beck and Louisette Bertholle, of L'Ecole des Trois Gourmandes in Paris, and co-author, with Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Bertholle, of Mastering the Art of French Cooking. The recipe, right, comes from this new book, a marvellously lucid explanation of the reproduction of French classics in American kitchens with American ingredients. The American kitchen in use here belongs to the decorator Howard Perry Rothberg, whose rare collection of Staffordshire hens is settled on the shelves behind Mrs. Child. (Other joys in this kitchen: page 1031 The flowers on the French pine table, below an old iron chandelier that once lit a stable, are Polynesian Zinnias, a new breed of bloom in a contagious colour. More on that, page 92.

The cook in the oak-panelled



10 MEAL-MAKER SOUPS continued



The soupières on view above:

Top right, "Zinnia Red" enamel on castiron bean pot, from France; 5-quart. \$16.50 at La Cuisinière.

Centre, 3-quart pottery soup tureen, green cabbage-leaf design. \$30 at Soupcon.

Directly above, 5quart copper stock pot from England. \$37 at La Cuisinière. With it, a wooden ladle; \$2.50 at Bonniers. PEASANT SOUP

LOAF HOT FRENCH BREAD

FRUIT COMPOTE

(Served with kirsch or Cointreau sauce and slivered blanched almonds)

LACE MOLASSES-AND-GINGER COOKIES

Wine: Beaujolais

HOW TO MAKE SOUPÇON'S PEASANT SOUP
(Makes six quarts)

3-4 pounds lamb shanks, cracked Chicken stock, to cover 1 big onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 bay leaf 1/4 cup each: kidney beans, black-eyed peas, pinto beans, pea beans, small dried limas, black turtle beans, whole green dried peas Thyme, 4 cloves garlic, finely minced 1 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup barley 1/4 cup each: green split peas, yellow peas, lentils, brown rice 1 cup each: diced carrots, celery, onions, potatoes 1 pound sausages, cut in 1-inch pieces Chopped parsiey and celery leaves 1/4 pound butter

enchanting things to go on a table or hang on a wall—Strasbourg pottery, old copper pots and pans, cocktail spreads in fetching crocks, all things to do with food, and all French. To these she has recently added freshly-prepared soups. A graduate of the Cordon Bleu in Paris, and one of the founders of the New York Cordon Bleu Cooking School, Mrs. Roome suggests her peasant soup be made in quantity, frozen, and reserved for a supper menu such as the one left:

Put cracked lamb shanks in a pressure cooker with well-seasoned chicken stock, onion, celery, bay leaf. Cook 1 hour. Strain off broth and, when cool, put in the refrigerator to allow fat to harden on the top. Take meat off the shanks, and, when cool, cover and put in the refrigerator. Soak overnight in cold water the beans and peas listed left-kidney beans, et cetera. In the morning, drain off water and put beans and peas in pressure cooker with a pinch of thyme, a clove of garlic, and cold water to within 2 inches from the top of the pan. Add 1 teaspoon of salt. Cook 5 minutes. Allow pressure to go down of its own accord, then pour into a large soup pot. Into the pressure cooker put the barley, with thyme and salt, one clove of garlic, and the green split peas, yellow peas, lentils, brown rice. Cover with cold water to within 2 inches from the top. Cook 5 minutes allowing pressure to go down of its own accord. Pour this also into the soup pot. In a saucepan put the diced carrots, celery, onions, potatoes, a pinch of thyme, a clove of garlic, salt. Cover with boiling water and bring to a boil. Cover the saucepan and simmer for approximately 30 minutes. Pour this also into the soup pot. Sauté sausage until browned, and having thrown off fat, put in soup pot. Remove fat from lamb broth and pour broth into the pot. Be sure lamb is very cold. Cut off fat and dice lamb into one-half-inch squares. Put in soup pot with clove of garlic. Heat slowly, and, if necessary, add more chicken stock, although the soup ideally should be quite thick. Add a good handful of parsley, celery leaves, and the butter. Then taste to see if you would like more salt, garlic, thyme, or butter. This soup can be frozen.

#### Tomato and dill soup

ther apartment in San Francisco, her farm in New Hampshire, and her sea house at Cypress Point on the Monterey Peninsula, Mrs. Robbins Milbank makes a point of interesting food. The former foreign correspondent Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Milbank first studied cooking in Paris, still studies in San Francisco with the famous teacher Paul Mayer.

Here, one of her popular warm-weather luncheon menus:

TOMATO AND DILL SOUP

MIXED GREEN SALAD

TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS

ROUGE ET NOIR CAMEMBERT CHEESE COFFEE

Wine: Mountain Red of Louis Martini

HOW TO MAKE TOMATO AND DILL SOUP (For four people)

2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 tablespoon butter
1 finely-chopped onion
1 clove garlic
Salt, black pepper
4 fair-sized firm tomatoes

1 heaping tablespoon tomato paste
2 level tablespoons potato flour

2 cups water
1 cup milk
1 heaping tablespoon dill

In a heavy one-and-a-half quart saucepan, heat the vegetable oil and butter. Cook very slowly in this the onion, garlic, salt, and pepper—until soft but not browned. Slice tomatoes, with their skins on, and add, cooking quickly for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove from fire and add tomato paste, potato flour, and water. Mix well and stir over fire until soup boils. Rub through a fine sieve (or put through blender and then through fine strainer so as to strain out seeds). Add milk and dill. Chill. (This soup is also delicious served hot, and consistency can be varied by the amount of flour used and by substituting cream for milk.)

#### Oxtail soup

mrs. Bertrand Bell learned to eat in France, but did not study cooking there. When she married Mr. Bell, who, she said, was born with a skillet in one hand, she 'was led to the stove, given a skillet, and told to carry on.' Since then she has become a great cook-hostess and the author of many articles on food. A traditional menu on holiday nights at the Bell house:

OXTAIL SOUP

CRUSTY FRENCH BREAD

FRENCH OPEN APRICOT TARTS

Wine: Pommard 1957

HOW TO MAKE OXTAIL SOUP (For six people)

3 large carrots

4 medium white turnips (or 1 medium yellow)

1 onion • 4 medium leeks

2 cloves garlic, few sprigs parsley (tied up in cheesecloth)

2 oxtails, cut up 3 tablespoons butter

1 can Campbell's bouillon

diluted with 2 cans water

2 quarts water

1 small wineglass Madeira

1 small wineglass port (or 2 glasses Madeira in all)

Thyme • Rosemary

Wash, peel, and cut up the vegetables into medium-sized pieces. Wipe the oxtails with a damp cloth and dry carefully. Get an iron frying pan very hot, put in 2 tables poons butter, and start browning the meat sections, smaller pieces first. Turn them with 2 wooden spoons so they get well browned on all sides. As soon as a piece is done, transfer it to a heavy soup kettle. Allow about 20 minutes for the browning process and try not to add any more butter; the pieces will brown better if there is not too much fat in the pan. When all the pieces are browned, and have been transferred to the kettle, put the rest of the butter in the pan and add all the vegetables. Shake them over the fire for about 5 minutes and add them to the meat pieces. Pour over this the diluted bouillon and 1 quart of the water. Bring to a simmer, stirring and skimming carefully. To make sure that all possible scum rises to the surface for removal, add the remaining water a cup at a time while the soup is heating. After an hour all scum should be gone and the soup should need no further attention for the remaining four hours, beyond an occasional glance to make sure that it is just simmering, not boiling. When the time is up, remove from the fire and let cool a bit. Remove some of the very small pieces of oxtail; they have very little meat. Carefully remove every bit of fat from the surface, using paper towels to blot up the last droplets; this is essential. Reheat when ready to serve, heat the wine with the thyme and rosemary for 5 minutes, strain and add to the soup. Pour into a tureen and provide forks and knives as well as soup spoons.

#### Crab soup

n her Paris house and her New York apartment, Mrs.

Bertrand Taylor, a well-travelled cook known for her culinary fastidiousness, likes to serve this soup as a course, followed, in the winter, by a hot dessert.

CRAB SOUP

RICE

CRUSTY BREAD AND BUTTER

ORANGE AND LEMON SOUFFLÉ
Wine: Champagne

HOW TO MAKE CRAB SOUP

(For six people)

3 cans, 10 oz. each, clear chicken broth

1/2 teaspoon saffron

1 cup diced celery • 1 cup diced carrots

2 leeks, diced • 4 shallots, chopped fine

3 large green peppers, seeded and diced

1/4 lb. butter

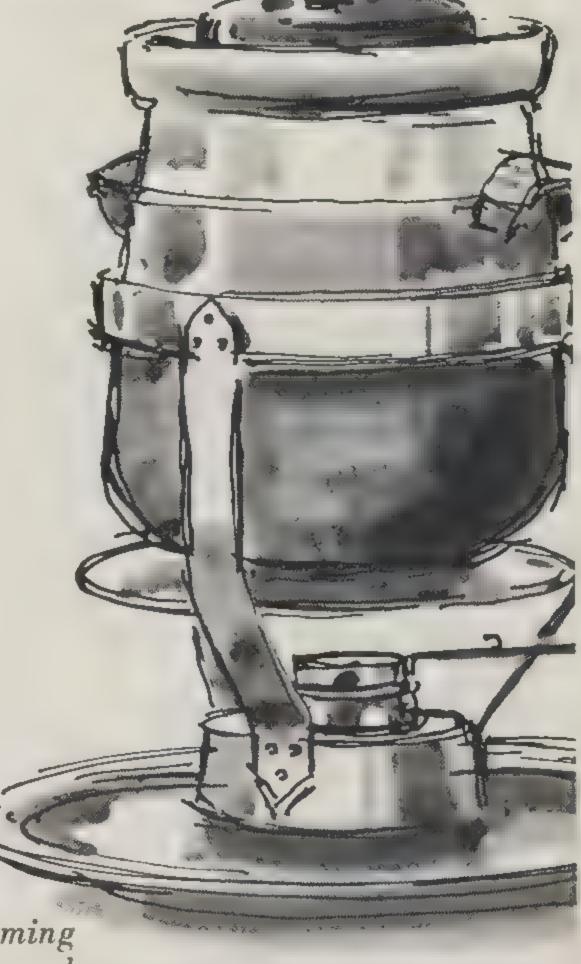
3 tomatoes, skinned and diced
3 cans, 6½ ounces each, Japanese King crabmeat

2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

11/2 cups rice

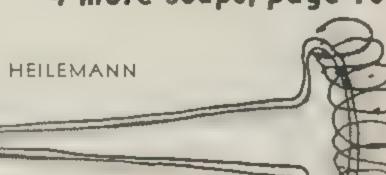
1/4 cup freshly-chopped parsley
Salt and freshly ground pepper

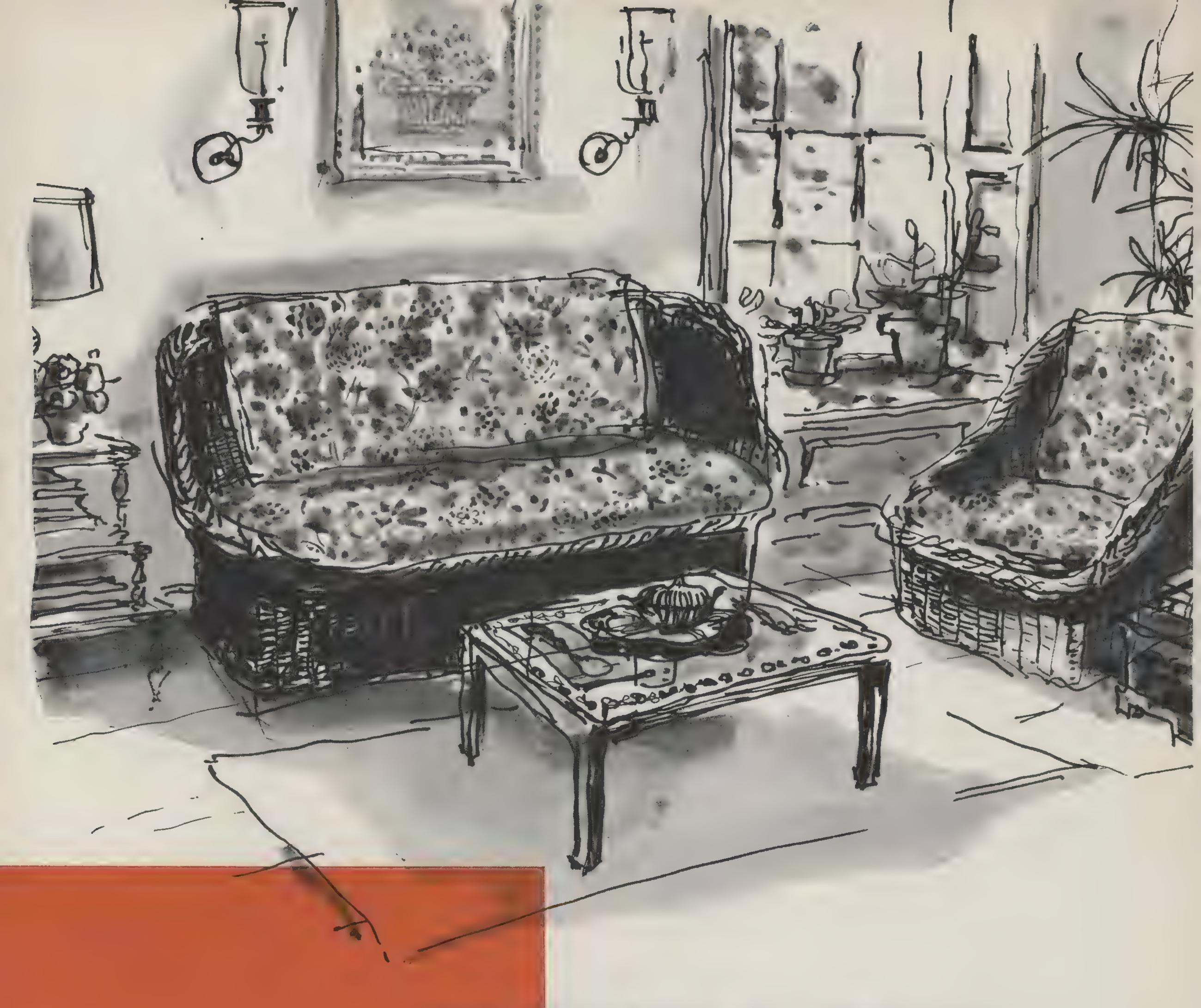
Heat the chicken broth with the saffron, first skimming off any fat in the broth. Cut the celery, carrots, leeks, and peppers in about the same size dice, not too fine. Chop fine the shallots. Melt the butter and steam the shallots, celery, leeks, and carrots in it for 10 minutes. Add the peppers and continue cooking without letting the vegetables brown. Cook about 5 minutes, stirring once in a while. Skin the tomatoes by immersing them in boiling water for a minute. Dice them and add them to the steaming vegetables. Continue steaming, adding a little butter if needed. Open the crab and remove any hard particles, shredding the fish at the same time. Add to the vegetables, with the Worcestershire. Cook 5 minutes, stirring. Add to the saffroned broth-adding salt and fresh ground pepper—simmer a few minutes, or reheat at serving time. Cook the rice a little underdone, and serve in a heated dish. Pour the hot crab stew in a heated tureen and sprinkle with parsley. Put a generous spoon of rice into a heated soup plate, and pour Crab Soup over the rice. (Both the soup and rice may be made ahead of time.)



Soup assistants, top to bottom: Black and white porcelain antique ladle. \$12.50 at La Cuisinière. Swedish stainless-steel grater, \$1.60, and potato peeler, \$.60; at Bloomingdale's. Brown and yellow earthenware casserole holds 5 quarts, has copper burner stand. \$47.50 at Bloomingdale's. Below, "Mix-Stir," an inventive tool for speedy beating and blending. \$2 at La Cuisinière.

4 more soups, page 102





## NEW BRILLIANCE IN THE HOUSE: "POLYNESIAN ZINNIA"



ever since Mr. Zinn, a German professor of medicine, lent his name in the 1700's to the zinnia, that flower has rarely caused such a stir as this year. Who started it all—Northrup, King, long-time seedsmen. With Burbankian flair, they came up recently with a corally-red cross-blend that stopped in their tracks so many women visiting the company's trial grounds, outside of Minneapolis, that Northrup, King gave the new flower a name—"Polynesian Zinnia"—and started growing it all over the world (if a crop fails in Holland, it may come through in the West Indies).

Who brought the zinnia in from the garden is, for one

Who brought the zinnia in from the garden is, for one, Everfast Fabrics. That firm's designers caught the flower in patterns on curtain and upholstery cottons (two of them —"Zinnia Garden" and "Gigantique"—sketched left and right) and reproduced its colour on a polished cotton called "Petaldown," all with Everglaze Easy Care. Richbilt used "Petaldown" to cushion a walnut dining chair and, for a round dining table, a laminated "Pom Pom" print top. The same "Pom Pom" print went into shower curtains by Ames (standard size 6' x 6', \$12). Gallo added "Zinnia Garden" cushions to their collection of charcoal-grey wrought-iron furniture, and for a bed Sumergrade has worked the "Pom Pom" print into a quilted coverlet, filled with Dacron 88. Using the same print Penthouse Products has potentially brightened closets by covering therewith storage boxes for shoes, hats, and such, and making therewith quilted garment bags. Martex has introduced the flower into the bathroom by producing plummy bath towels in the colour, Wilmar moulded white pottery spool lamps with zinnia-printed cotton shades, and Karastan put the colour on the floor with deep-pile wool carpeting.

Where all of these, and many more of their ilk, bloom profusely, even on gala Italian pottery: at Altman's. In that store's fourth floor Gift Shop can be found the germ of the whole idea: "Polynesian Zinnia" seeds, 35¢ the packet.

Opposite above, a setting for a tray luncheon which a mealmaker soup might headline. The willow furniture from Hong Kong, cushioned with "Zinnia Garden": settee, \$75, chair \$35. Williamsburg-reproduction sconces, \$38.50 each. Zinnia-edged place mat by Stotter, \$1. Green linen napkin, 69¢. All at Altman's. "Onion" soup tureen and plate, \$12.50, and green pottery plate, \$6; these at Soupçon. Redor-black reversible tray with teak frame, \$15; Bonniers. Opposite below, another tray setting for soup. Black lacquered "chow table," \$10. Zinnia-red lacquered soup dish, \$2.50. White plate, \$4. All these from Japan and at Altman's. Rosewood napkin ring, \$1.50. Natural linen napkin, 75¢. Wine glass, \$1.50. These at Bonniers. The white porcelain soup spoon, 19¢ at Azuma. Right, 70-inch tablecloth of 'Gigantique' zinnias, by Leacock, \$15. The wing chair from Kittinger's Williamsburg collection, covered with solid colour "Petaldown," \$268. Altman's.



#### DREAM AIR-TRAVEL CENTRE

#### By Sophie Sturges

Editor's note: Tall, streamlined Mrs. Thomas Rush Sturges flies around the world, lands without warning in the great cities, and picks up the beat of activities with the magical flair only expert travellers possess. American by marriage, daughter of the late Italian Prince Pompeo Pignatelli and his Russian wife, Hélène Narischkin (the mother of Peter the Great was a Narischkin), Mrs. Sturges speaks Italian, French, and Spanish, lives everywhere, settling down out of luggage. Without baggage overweight, Mrs. Sturges fits into the scene, the climate, the occasion, looks unerringly right and well-groomed. Here, her ideas on jet travel—mainly about the ground system.

have come to the conclusion that even if jets are ready for us, we are not ready for jets. Although a lot has been said about two insoluble (at least temporarily) problems—the time it takes to go to and from the airport and the red tape involved in a departure—there is a third problem which is soluble. I mean those pre-departure hours spent gathering information, running from shop to shop, looking for the various items indispensable to an air trip.

My dream is some day to enter a magic shop and go directly to an Air Centre to find all the articles especially devised for air travellers. Each item sold there would be the lightest and the least bulky of its kind, and a small tag would give the exact weight. Taking into account the limited shopping time of its customers, my shop would adopt new concepts in grouping the merchandise.

What would I like to buy in my dream shop? First of all, the right clothes and lightweight luggage, really lightweight. At the present rate of overweight, nothing costs more to those who fly a lot than heavy suitcases. One trans-oceanic flight without extra-weight expenses means a vast saving.

In addition to the right clothes and lightweight luggage, there would be accessories, gadgets, and medical items, language records and guide books to help prepare for a trip; there would be, as well, an assortment of attractive airlight presents to bring to friends.

Among the clothes that one would find in all seasons: reversible coats, nylon tailored shirts (classic ones are now difficult to find), beach dresses to double as summer evening dresses, uncrushable (non-wrinkle) sport skirts, uncrushable sport suits, three-piece outfits—one skirt with two tops, one formal, one casual, drip-dry dresses (since the "little or no ironing" kind sometimes do require ironing to look immaculate, I prefer those of absolutely uncrushable Ban-Lon jersey), well-cut and chic seersucker suits for both men and women, raincoats that can double as evening coats, culotte skirts, nylon bedroom slippers of featherweight washable tulle—plus, of course, short nylon nightgowns.

One counter would have indispensable accessories: pocket-size plastic raincoats, plastic rain caps, nylon beach bags (large and foldable), nylon shopping nets for overflow, and umbrellas with handles that unscrew.

on one table, I'd like to find a mass of such useful gadgets as: leather luggage tags, bright paper luggage tags, small tags for key rings, key rings, travelling mirrors, miniature sewing kits, hot-water bottles (the one I found in Switzerland is made of plastic, folds to the size of a pack of cigarettes, unfolds to a regular size, weighs less than two ounces, is durable, and has no bottleneck). There would be portable radios, scissors with leather shields, plug transformers which convert American electrical appliances to other currents and sockets, electrical water immersion heaters for coffee or tea, travelling hair dryers (my miniature Swiss one works on three electrical currents), travelling irons and shoe trees (my Italian ones, made of plastic and aluminum, weigh half an ounce), tape measures for yards and for the metric system, tissue paper, plastic bags and transparent shoe bags, and luggage weighing hooks for checking the baggage weight.

Although I travel with my usual cosmetics, the drugstore counter of my Air Centre would have: toilet soap wafers, laundry suds in individual envelopes, Wash 'n Dri, spot remover in tubes (I use K 2 R which leaves no rings), eye masks, ear stoppers, thermometers, water sterilizing pills (Halazone—important for the tropics), quinine tablets, anti-air-sickness pills, DDT powder, mosquito repellent, suntan spray (hard to buy in far-off continents), lightweight plastic hairbrushes, toothbrushes with plastic covers—far more convenient than the regular cases.

In my dream shop one would also be able to collect detailed information from huge panels on the walls. One panel would list the addresses and telephone numbers of all airlines in the city as well as their off-season dates and rates. Another, the address, telephone number, and office hours of all consulates along with the latest regulations of their countries for visitors—visas, vaccination certificates, inoculations.

Another panel would give the weight allowance, as well as all the ways that one might forward unaccompanied luggage—by air, sea, train—and the companies handling this service. One panel would give the international currency regulations and would quote that day's rate of exchange.

Another would give information on around-the-world temperatures and climate (monsoons, rainy seasons), but *not* the average temperature—which is no help at all. Swinging panels resembling those used for upholstery swatches in decorating shops would describe the kind of clothes which men and women should take—casual, city, or resort, as well as the weight—winter, spring, or summer.

In great cities, which are also crucial air intersections—New York, Paris, London, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Caracas, San Francisco, Rome, Sydney, to name a few—an electronic panel would flash the free seats available on the major airlines. This panel would register instantly seats made free because of cancellations. (A similar electronic panel, posting hotel room space, was set up for visitors to the 1958 Brussels World's Fair; it proved a lifesaver.)

ne panel would indicate the comparative local time in all parts of the world—as in the big airports. Another would give the latest customs regulations in the various countries—the cigarette allowance, for instance. Another would name the duty-free airports and list some of the items travellers would find; this same panel would also include the duty-free items which may be purchased aboard jets in flight—the quantity, the value, and on which air routes.

My dream shop would have an instant photographic service for passport and identification photographs. Travellers would also find scales which they could use even though the item to be weighed was not bought at the Air Centre.

One corner of the Air Centre would be a bookshop with best sellers and a good choice of paperback books, geographical maps and road maps, currency converter booklets, pocket-size dictionaries, international railway timetables, the latest travel, history, and geography books, and biographies of leading political figures. Here, a traveller would also have at his disposal encyclopaedias, atlases, and an enormous revolving globe, as well as the telephone directories of the great cities of the world.

There would also be a selection of the newest airweight presents for travellers to take to friends abroad. (This past summer, the best choice I found were the pretty waterproof silk squares weighing no more than an airmail letter.)

My Air Centre would never close. My dream shop would remain open day and night.

Actually, I have gone around the world without overweight—and still I carried all I needed. The travel season has great bearing. Naturally, an all-summer wardrobe is the easiest to manage; the next is an all-winter one. In-between-season travel takes more skill and more courage, especially when it comes to saying "No, I shall not take this." (By the way, I have found when flying around the globe, that the westward, follow-the-sun direction is preferable; then each day stretches to more than twenty-four hours.)

At any rate, while waiting for my Air Centre of the bright future, I have done a little scouting on my own and learned that the air companies offer more facilities than we know. For instance, they will teletype for hotel reservation and arrange car rentals. In faraway lands, they sometimes offer free bus service to and from the airport and to one's doorstep when the plane arrival or departure hour happens to be late at night or early in the morning.

Moreover, I have learned after many long and patient hours at the airline ticket counters—not over the telephone—that the airlines offer bonus side-trips. These are different from stopovers, which are on the regular air routes. ("Gift" trips take at least twenty-four hours of preparation by (Continued on page 98)

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#### THE BULL FROM THE SEA

(Continued from page 54)

us, the doomed and fiery life, the trust stronger than love. It left a raw bleeding wound.

A girl was saying to her betrothed, who had hardly known her, "Rhion, I am a bull-leaper! I can handstand on the horns. Once I did the backspring. Look at this jewel; I won a great bet for a prince, and he gave it to me." I saw his face of horror, and their eyes meeting at a loss. In the Bull Court, life and honour came before boy or girl. I felt it still; to me these slim athletes of my team were beautiful. I saw with the eyes of this fuller's son how free-moving and firm and brown she looked beside the milky maids of Athens. When I thought of all the Cranes had shared, I could have struck the fool and taken her in my arms. But the Bull Court was ashes and blackened stone; the Cranes were out of my hand, my rule was over.

"Find me a black bull-calf," I told the people. "I must sacrifice to Poseidon Earth-Shaker, for our safe return. And send a runner to the King my father."

The calf came meekly, and bowed his head consenting; a good omen which pleased the people. Even at the stroke he scarcely struggled. Yet when he sank down his eyes reproached me like a man's. A strange thing, after his mildness.

I dedicated him and poured the blood upon the earth. When I quenched the flames with wine, I prayed, "Father Poseidon, Lord of Bulls, we have danced for you in your holy place and laid our lives in your hand. You brought us safe home; be good to us still, and hold fast our roofposts. And for myself, now I am come again to Erechtheus' stronghold, let my arm not fail her. Prosper my father's house; and be it so according to our prayer."

They cried amen; but the sound wandered. There was a buzz of news behind. My runner was back, long before he could have reached the Citadel. He came to me slowly; and the people made way for him, drawing aside. I knew then he brought death-tidings. He stood silent before me, but not for long. No news so bad but an Athenian wants to be first with it.

They brought me a horse. Some of my father's barons came down to meet me. As we rode from Piraeus to the Rock, the sounds of

joy fell back and I heard the wailing.

On the ramp of the gates where it is too steep to ride, the Palace people stumbled to kiss my hands and the fringe of my Cretan kilt. They had thought me dead, themselves masterless: beggars at best, slaves if they could not get away before the Pallantids swarmed back to take the kingdom. I said, "Show me my father."

The eldest baron said, "I will see, my lord, if the women have done washing him. He was bloody from the fall."

He lay in his upper room, on his great bed of cedar, with the red cover lined with wolfskin; he had always felt the cold. They had wrapped him in blue with a gold border; very quiet he lay between the wailing women as they shook their hair and clawed their bosoms. One side of his face was white, the other blue from the rock's bruising. The skull-vault was stove in like a bowl; but they had wrapped a clean cloth round and straightened his broken limbs.

I stood dry-eyed. I had known him less than half a year, before I went off to Crete. Before he knew who I was, he had tried to poison me in this very room. I bore no malice for it. A battered dead old man; a stranger. The old granddad who reared me, Pittheus of Troizen, was the father of my childhood and my heart. Him I could have wept for. But blood is blood; and you can not wash out what is written in it.

The blue side of his face looked stern; the white had a little secret smile. At the bed's foot his white boarhound lay chin on paws, and stared at nothing.

I said, "Who saw him die?"
The dog's ears pricked, and its tail struck the ground softly. The women peeped through their hair; then they screeched louder, and the youngest bared their breasts to pummel them. But old Mykale knelt by the bedpost silent. My father's grandfather had taken her in some ancient war; she was more than fourscore years old. Her monkey-creased black eyes met mine unblinking. I held them; but it was hard to do.

The baron said, "He was seen by the guard of the northern wall, and by the watchman on the roof. Their witness agrees, that he was alone. They saw him come out on the balcony that stands above

the cliff, and step straight upon the balustrade, and lift his arms. Then he sprang outward."

I looked at the right side of his face, then at the left. But their witness did not agree. I asked, "When was it?"

He looked away. "A runner had come from Sounion, with news of a ship passing the headland. 'What sail?' he asked. The man answered, 'Cretan, my lord. Blueblack, with a bull upon it.' He ordered the man to be fed, and then went in. That was our last sight of him living."

I could tell he knew what he was saying. So I raised my voice for all to hear. "This will be my grief for ever. Now I remember how he bade me whiten my sail, if I came safe home. I have been a year with the bulls since then, and through the great earthquake, and the burning of the Labyrinth, and war. My sorrow that I forgot."

An old Chamberlain, polished and white as silver, slid out from the press. Some pillars of kings' houses are earthquakeproof; it is their calling. "My lord, never reproach yourself. He died the Erechthid death. So went King Pandion at his time, from that very place; and King Kekrops from the castle crag at Euboia. The sign of the god was sent him, you may be sure, and your memory slept by the will of heaven." He gave me a grave silvery smile. "The Immortals know the scent of the new vintage. They will not let a great wine wait past its best." At this there was a buzzing, decent and low, but keen as the shouts of warriors at a breach that someone else has made. I saw my father's smile in his new-combed beard. He had ruled a troubled kingdom fifty years; he knew something of men. He looked smaller than when I went away, or perhaps I had grown a little. I said, "Gentlemen, you have leave."

They went. The women's eyes moved to me sidelong; I signed them away. But they forgot old Mykale, clutching at the bedpost to ease up from her stiff knees. I went and lifted her, and we looked at one another.

She bobbed, and made to go. I caught her arm, soft loose skin upon brittle bone, and said, "Did you see it, Mykale?"

Her wrinkles puckered, and she wriggled like a child in

trouble. The bone twisted while the slack flesh stayed in my hand. Her skull was pink as chicken-skin through the thin hair. "Answer me," I said. "Did he speak to you?"

"Folks tell me nothing. In King Kekrops' day I was paid more heed to. He told me, when he was called. Whom else, when I was in his bed? 'Listen again, Mykale, listen again. Lean down, girl; put your ear to my head. You will hear it like a sounding shell.' So I leaned down to please him. But he put me by with the back of his arm, and walked out like a man in thought, straight from his naked bed to the northern rampart, and down without a cry."

She had been telling this tale for sixty years. But I heard it out. "So much for Kekrops. But here lies Aigeus dead. Come. What did he say?"

She peered at me: a wise-woman near her end; a withered baby with the ancient House Snake looking from its eyes. Then she blinked, and said she was only a poor old slave-girl whose memory would not hold.

"Mykale!" I said. "Do you know who I am? Don't fool with me."

She jumped a little. Then, like an old nurse to a child that stamps his foot at her, "Oh, aye, I know you, outlandish as you've grown, like some rich lord's minion or a dancing mime. Young Theseus, that he got at Troizen on King Pittheus' girl; the quick lad with the meddling hand. You sent word from Crete by a mountebank, that he should put out his ships against King Minos, and bring you home. A fine taking it put him in. Not many knew what ailed him. But news comes to me."

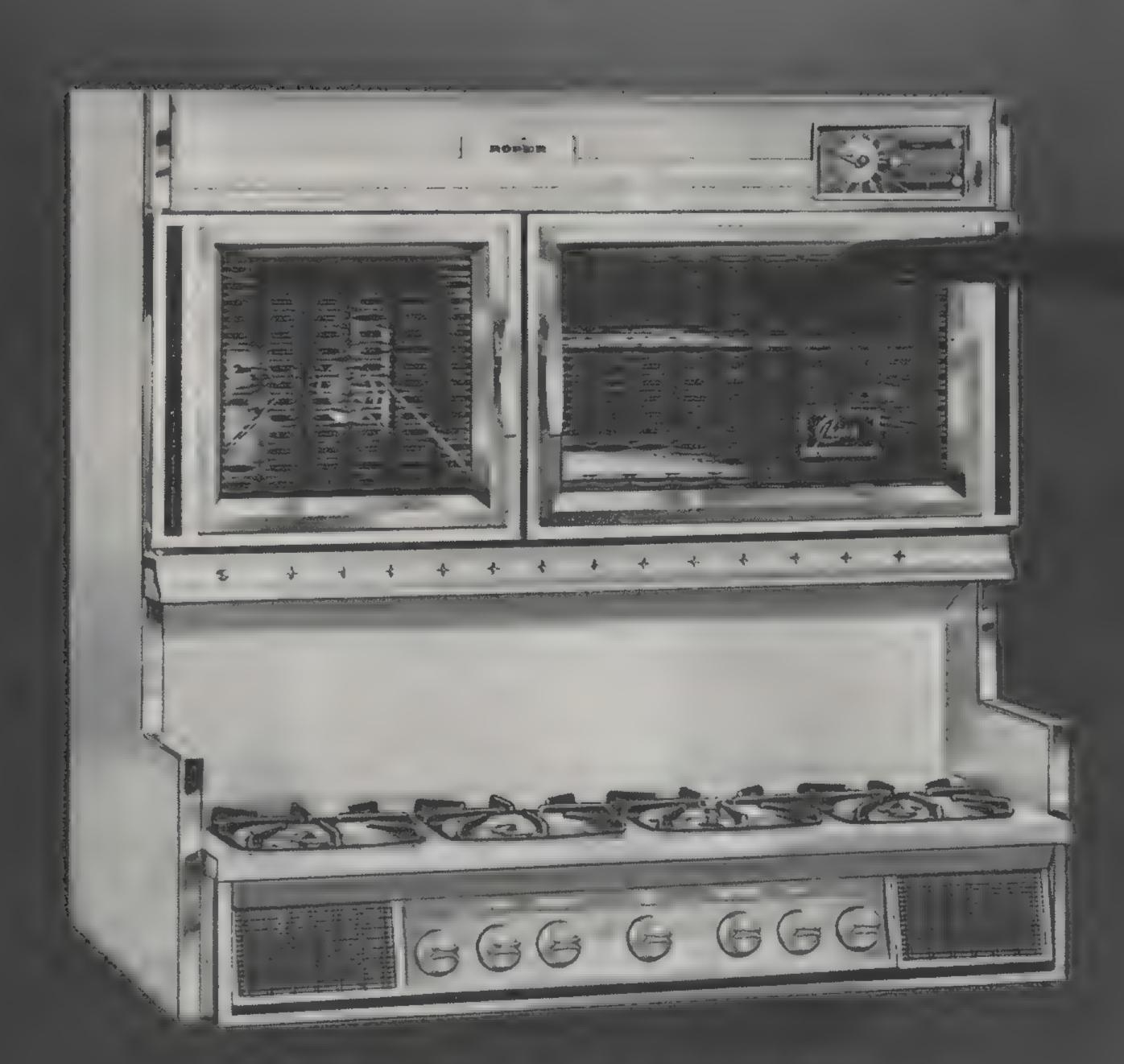
I said, "He had better have sailed than grieved. Crete was falling-ripe and I knew it. I proved it, too; so I am here."

"Trust comes hard, when a man's own brothers have fought him for his birthright. Better he'd trusted Apollo's oracle, before he loosed your mother's girdle. Aye, he woke a fate too strong for his hands, poor man."

I let her go. She stood rubbing her arm, and grumbling to herself. My eyes turned to my father. Under the cloth that wrapped his skull, a thread of blood was

(Continued on page 98)

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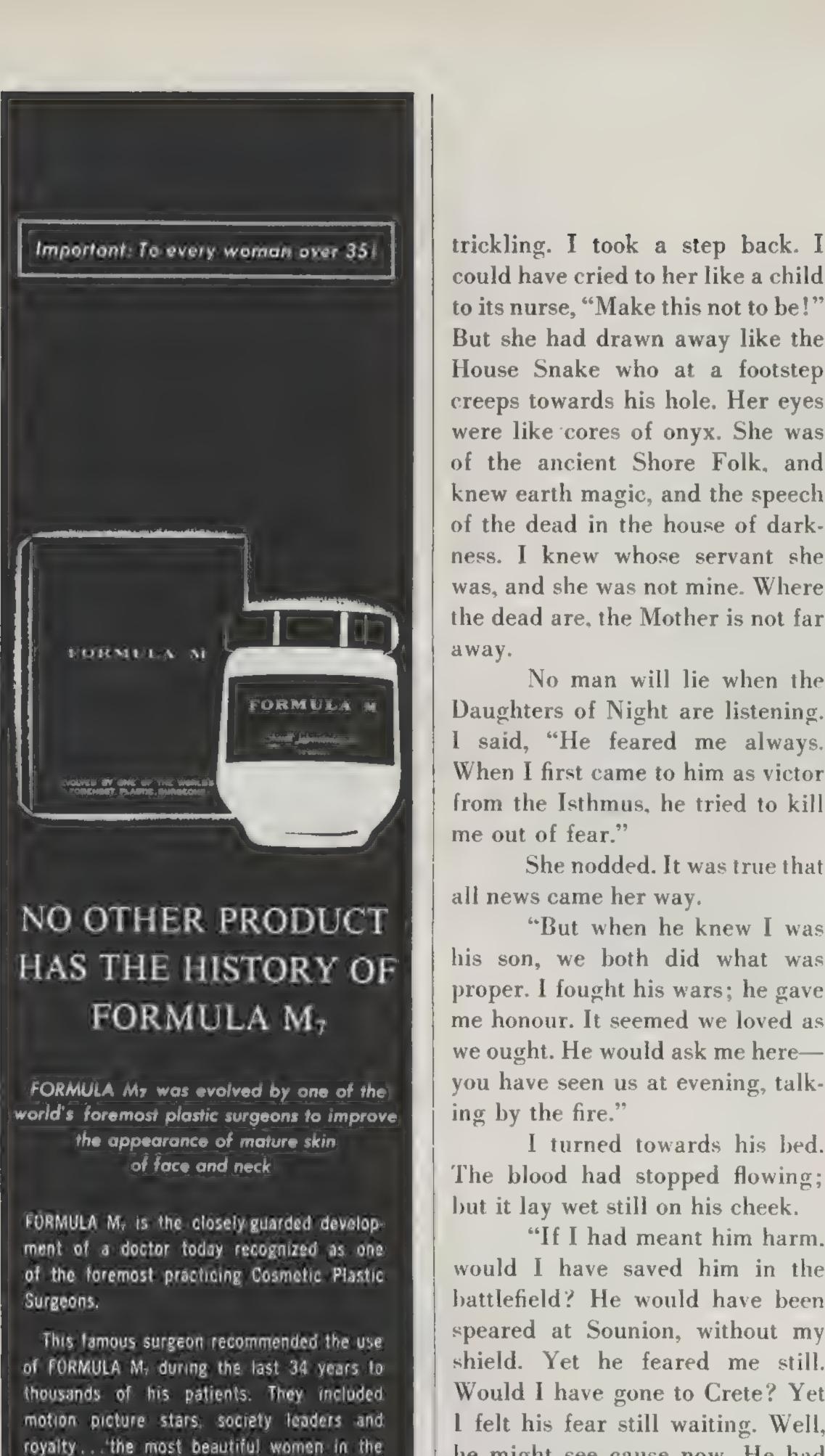
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could have cried to her like a child to its nurse, "Make this not to be!" But she had drawn away like the House Snake who at a footstep creeps towards his hole. Her eyes were like cores of onyx. She was of the ancient Shore Folk, and knew earth magic, and the speech of the dead in the house of darkness. I knew whose servant she was, and she was not mine. Where the dead are, the Mother is not far

No man will lie when the Daughters of Night are listening. I said, "He feared me always. When I first came to him as victor from the Isthmus, he tried to kill me out of fear."

She nodded. It was true that all news came her way.

"But when he knew I was his son, we both did what was proper. I fought his wars; he gave me honour. It seemed we loved as we ought. He would ask me here you have seen us at evening, talking by the fire."

I turned towards his bed. The blood had stopped flowing; but it lay wet still on his cheek.

"If I had meant him harm. would I have saved him in the battlefield? He would have been speared at Sounion, without my shield. Yet he feared me still. Would I have gone to Crete? Yet I felt his fear still waiting. Well, he might see cause now. He had failed me with the ships. That was to face between us. In his place I would have died of shame."

THE BULL FROM THE SEA

(Continued from page 96)

When the words were out they shocked me. It was unfitting, before his face; and Night's Daughters hear such things. Something cold touched my hand. My flesh leaped on my bones; but it was the nose of the white boarhound, dropping into my palm. It leaned hard against my thigh; the warmth had comfort in it.

"When it came time to show the sail, I prayed Poseidon for a sign. I wanted to reach him before he knew of my coming: to prove I came in peace, that I bore him no ill will for failing me, that I could wait in patience for the kingdom. I prayed; and the god sent me the sign I prayed for."

The Guardians of the Dead received my words into their silence. Words do not wash out blood. There would be a reckoning. Yet I would like to have spoken with him, a man to a man. What I had been afraid he would do in fear, he had done in sorrow. There had been this kindness in him, beneath all his contrivance. And yet, was it so? He was the King. Sorrow or not, he should have named an heir, disposed the kingdom, not left chaos behind. That he knew. Perhaps it was true that the god had called him.

I looked at Mykale, and saw only an old slave-woman of the Shore Folk, and was sorry to have said so much.

She hobbled to the bier, and took a cloth left by the women and wiped the face. Then she turned up the palm, which came stiffly-for the corpse was setting-and looked into it, and laid it down again and took up mine. Her hand seemed still cold from the touch of the dead. The dog pushed between, fussing and whining. She scolded it off, and brushed her robe.

"Yes, yes, a fate too strong for him." A fading flame guttered in her watery eyes. "Go with your fate, but not beyond. Beyond leads to dark places. Truth and death come from the north, in a falling star. . . . ." She crossed her arms and rocked, and her voice keened as if for the dead. Then she straightened, and cried out strongly, "Loose not the Bull from the

I waited, but no more came. Her eyes had turned foolish again. I stepped towards her, but thought, "What use? I shall get no sense."

I turned away. Then I heard a sound of growling. It was the dog, his teeth bare, his tail wrapping his belly, the dark roots of his hackles showing. There was a shuffling of feet like old dry leaves, and she was gone.

The barons were waiting. I went out, with the dog's nose pressed against me. He was on my side; and I did not send him back again.

#### DREAM AIR CENTRE

(Continued from page 95)

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an airline clerk.) For instance, on a round-trip ticket New York-Paris-New York, the passenger may fly Paris-London "on the house," or, if he chooses, Paris-London-Amsterdam-Brussels-Paris before returning to New York and without paying an additional fare, provided he follows the above sequence. On another trip my ticket read New York-Delhi-New York; my "gift" trip was Delhi-Bombay-Delhi.

For these "gift" trips, the airlines count the mileage allowance to the farthest point, counting as well the mileage between the intermediary zigzag stops, and the passenger is allowed side-trips if they do not exceed the total mileage allowance. I myself only learned about this extraordinary mileage system last May.

About window seats: their charm has been overrated. In my mind the panorama is not worth the discomfort, especially in tourist class where this seat is beyond two others. I prefer aisle seats, which give me greater freedom of movement and where I can stretch my legs.

I travel first class during the crowded seasons and tourist class in off-seasons. In tourist class, when space is available, passengers travelling alone may often stretch along the width of three seats—practically the length of a human body. I find this more

restful than the reclining chairs in first class. (I have found that the worst problem when travelling alone, incidentally, is to manage to be left alone.)

The trick is really to travel hand free. I pack even my umbrella after unscrewing its handle in my suitcase. When I carry two coats over my arm, I slip the sleeves of one into those of the other, then take a belt and tie them together across the middle.

But back to the point. Although there is much progress in flying, what we really need are new ways of providing us with fresh information and better facilities to buy all we need when we need it.

#### DAY OF BEAUTY

(Continued from page 52)

—is done with the aid of what seems to be a heavy rubber jump rope with loops at either end. This is called a Lithe-line, and its purpose is to give you something to pull against. One heartening thing: Miss Charlotte is the only witness to your struggles, and she-helpfully—will be doing the routines right along with you (you see-it can be done). Another heartening thing: there is an inescapable feeling that you have done yourself some good; your legs might seem a bit wobbly, but there is a definite sense of being longer, leaner-all toned up, really. Still more to give you heart: it's all over in thirty minutes.

Armed with your chart (which now contains exercise routines for you to practise at home), you return to your dressing room, shed your exercise suit, bundle up in the wrapper, and head down the corridor again.

This time, your destination is one of the massage rooms. Here, everything happens in an atmosphere of almost total darkness and quiet. The only effort on your part is to be sufficiently awake, when the moment comes, to flip over onto your back. However, the moment doesn't seem to come for ages. And, as you doze on your stomach, ten spectacularly nimble fingers are gently but firmly persuading every tense muscle to untense, every quivering nerve-end to behave itself. As soon as things are under control on one side, you're flipped to the other, and the same soothing business happens all over again. At the end—this comes in about fifty minutes—you will have, if yours is principally a muscular tension, a hot, wet towel thrown over your back. If it's all nerves, nerves, nerves with you, you'll have a scaldingly hot towel just the same, but every bit of moisture will have been wrung out of it. Either towel is covered with wax paper to keep the heat in, and either version usually ends—when the towel comes off with rousing sloshes of alcohol.

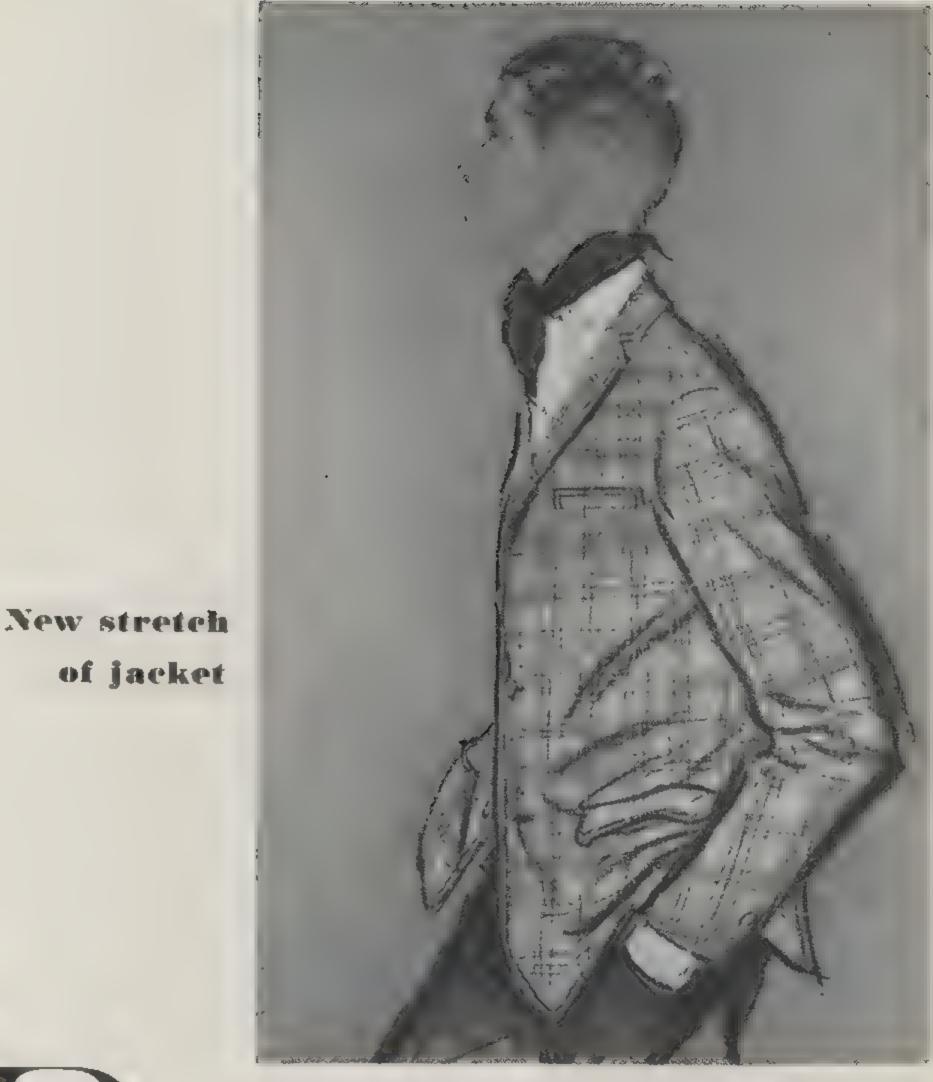
At this point, your lunch order is taken. And do you know what you do until it arrives? You have a bubble bath—one of those scientifically rigged bubble baths, in which the bubbles are always gloriously rich, thick, and of the never-fail variety.

No matter what lunch means to you in the outside world, at Helena Rubinstein it's reckoned as a meal that can be easily ingested in about fifteen minutes, and then back to the business at hand. Which, at this point, is a facial.

Like the massage rooms, the facial rooms are small, comfortable, private, but at the other end of the corridor. And, like the body-masseuse, the facial masseuse works expertly and quietly. Nobody at Rubinstein is actually sworn to silence; if you wish to chat, you should find the conversation quite genial, especially since it will be mostly about you. The facial expert, for instance, is eager to discuss your skin-what's good about it, what's bad, what can be done to make it better. After transferring these observations to your chart (which by now resembles notes for a proposed autobiography), she will proceed to demonstrate precisely how much can be done to improve existing conditions. This, you should find, is an astonishing amount. The treatment involves whatever combination of creams and lotions your skin seems most urgently to need, and more massage—this time around, it starts at the chest and moves upward, working away thoughtfully at all the places that aren't as firm as they could be, and revving up circulation as it moves. To make sure that your circulation is as revved as possible, there is, for a finale, a masque, and a mop-up with something that feels bracing and smells good.

Next, down you go to the sixth floor, where the walls look like silk champagne, the chandeliers are crystal, and the lighting is so flattering that even if your morale weren't approaching a new high (which, by this time, it certainly should be), it would now. This is the hairdressing salon presided over by Thierry, and in it—besides a shampoo and a coiffure—you will have a manicure and a pedicure.

When your hair and all twenty nails are dry, the make-up expert takes over. His name is Peter Bradford, and his way of getting results is to work on half of your face himself, and let you do the other half. This way he can see the mistakes you make, and correct them on the spot. (He'll probably tell you that the reason eye-liner throws you is because you're gripping the pencil as though you were about to send a desperate wire, whereas only (Continued on page 101)



ESORT ROUND-UP FOR MEN



Sun-country shirt

Making news where the sun is: crisp, cool sports shirts--now in banana-yellows and clear reds and (very new) a sports jacket that stretches. Above: Green Glen plaid jacket in a marvellously accommodating, unhampering fabric that stretches up to 25% or 30%. It's very lightweight—a square yard weighs only 5½ ounces. By McGregor, of cotton and Du Pont stretch nylon (Galey & Lord fabric);

about \$45. Whitehouse & Hardy; Jordan Marsh, Miami. Centre: A shirt that takes beautifully to resort life, might also fill in (it's banana-yellow) with a grey flannel suit and a striped blue and gold tie. By Gant, of cotton Oxford cloth; about \$6; at Paul Stuart; Burdine's; J. W. Robinson.

Below: An airy shirt, doublewoven for opaqueness; in red and white. Of Dacron and cotton fabric by Galey & Lord; about \$15. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Red in the resort news





Do you prefer a luau in Hawaii to a tamaaraa in Tahiti? Ava in Samoa or kava in Fiji? Wherever you go, you'll find laughter and feasting, enchanting surprises in the wonderful world of the Pacific.

In Singapore the fascinating native shows are called Wayangs. In India the festivals of Diwali, Dussehra and Holi are the thing. New Zealand is famed for its ancient Maori dances. And in the Philippines, festivals, dancing and music are a daily affair. The fun is in the Pacific, a world where wonders never cease.

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#### "THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 63)

Sir Harold Nicolson, a most distinguished English historian and biographer, has an attractive taste for the gossip of the eighteenth century. Recently he told an interviewer he would go on enjoying life until he reached ninety if he didn't lose his curiosity, for, he added, the capacity for enjoyment is largely a matter of how much curiosity one has. Sir Harold, born in Teheran, Iran, lived as a child in Bulgaria, Hungary, and Morocco before he went back to school in England. There the Captain of Games, watching the boy struggling at cricket, said without malice or acrimony: "My God, Nicolson, you're absolutely rotten." In this excerpt from The Age of Reason, published by Doubleday, he gives a chapter to Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. She had arrived at St. Petersburg, a "dim little German Princess" of fifteen, to marry the sixteen-year-old Grand Duke who played with toy soldiers, and was "mentally as well as physically deficient." His youthful charms included constant drunkenness and smallpox. In time they Catherine to Potemkin.

The way was open for Gregory Potemkin, who ruled Catherine and Russia for seventeen years.

He was born in the steam bath of the village of Tchisovo, in the government of Smolensk on September 13, 1739. His father was a retired colonel; he was expelled from the university for "laziness and truancy" but obtained a commission in the guards. He took part in the garrison revolution against Peter and is said to have been at Ropsha when the Tsar was murdered. He first attracted the attention of Catherine when he was an ugly young ensign and she was reviewing the guards on the very day of her accession. He was appointed a court usher, or Kammerjunker, and in 1768 promoted to be a court chamberlain. In 1774, when Catherine was

forty-four and he was ten years younger, he became her official lover and received the two posts traditionally associated with the office, namely, that of adjutant general and colonel of the Preobrazhensky regiment. He also succeeded Vassiltchikov in the apartment in the Winter Palace which, by a secret staircase, gave him access to the Empress' private rooms. They became infatuated with each other. He felt for her admiration and loyalty which never faltered. She saw in him not merely a powerful bastion against the Orlov family but also a passionate lover who satisfied her ardent physical desires. She would call him "my falcon," "my little father," "my Gregory-pops," "my Cossack," or "my little pigeon." He had lost an eye and was exceptionally ugly and unkempt. He would bite his nails to the quick and indulge in long bouts of indolence or religious melancholy. He was a creature of impulses and contradictions. Phases of feverish activity would be succeeded by long periods of apathy and inattention; at one moment he would appear arrayed in lavish uniforms with eagle plumes and diamond buttons, and at the next would shamble into an audience naked except for a dirty old padded dressing gown; at times he would surround himself with the splendour of an oriental satrap: when at Bender his court (what Catherine would call "la basse cour") comprised six hundred servants, two hundred musicians, a corps de ballet, a troupe of mimes, a hundred embroiderers, and twenty jewellers; at other times he would surrender to long dark days of religious melancholia. "Calmness," Catherine once wrote to him, "is for you a condition that your soul can not bear." He was coarse and lustful but loved music and poetry; he seldom read a book but never forgot anything that anybody told him; he was insanely jealous but never revengeful; he

was a marvellous impresario, a

gifted mimic, and could be a charming host.

The Honourable William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, explains why democracy is the best form of government for new nations even if most of the people are illiterate for "no attack on democracy can hide the fact that it can be replaced only by a system that substitutes coercion for persuasion; one that replaces the individual's choice with the choice of some ruler." That explanation appears in an essay, "The Nature of Democracy," in the book, The Great Ideas Today, published by the Encyclopaedia Britannica, from which this excerpt comes.

Democracy, unlike refrigerators and steel mills, is not an exportable commodity. It is a way of life, contagious among those who have come to see its potentials for the spirit and mind of men. It takes root slowly in new lands. It may take a long, long time for full flowering.

steady growth, it needs teachers who can specialize in political education and enlighten the minds of oncoming generations to the perils as well as the opportunities in democratic experiments. The task of educating leaders of these new nations has been long delayed. The task of establishing among those nations institutes of political education so that thousands trained in the philosophy of a free society will be graduated each year has hardly started. . . .

The habits of most of the world run against active participation in self-government. But those habits are being broken. Our own history is a history of breaking the inner shackles of habit. But our history is not necessarily a unique path....

No electorate ever has the comprehension to understand, much less to solve, all problems. A few issues may be understand-

able, such as war versus peace. Or again, the need of more water in arid lands, food shortages, the lack of doctors, the need of medicines, nurses, hospitals—these are issues that illiterate people may see as clearly as college graduates. The illiterate, of course, do not have the same range of understanding on some issues as the educated citizens have. The nuances of the difference between socialized medicine and medical services rendered on the basis of private enterprise may be more apparent to the educated than to the illiterate. Examples can be multiplied.

Yet, on analysis, the difference in political competence between the educated and the uneducated is one only in degree. Montesquieu says that the people can choose generals and judges for they have "better information in a public forum than a monarch in his palace. But are they capable of conducting an intricate affair, of seizing and improving the opportunity and critical moment of action? No; this surpasses their abilities."

The modern world presents problems too intricate for solution by any but experts. The waste material from nuclear reactors is one example. It is presently being stored in large quantities by those who have mastered nuclear fusion. It has a half-life up to 1,000 years. No vote by any electorate in any country in any world could intelligently resolve the question of its disposal. All that any vote could do would be to express confidence in the ability of one candidate as against the other to solve the problem in a way that would best safeguard the electorate's interests. As Hegel said, even if "the people in a democracy resolve on a war, a general must head the army."

There are many issues on which the electorate in the modern world can not vote intelligently, e.g., the efficacy of a common market that has no history of actual performance; the damage done to soil, food, and lands by insecticides; the impact of automation and the manner of treating the labour it displaces.

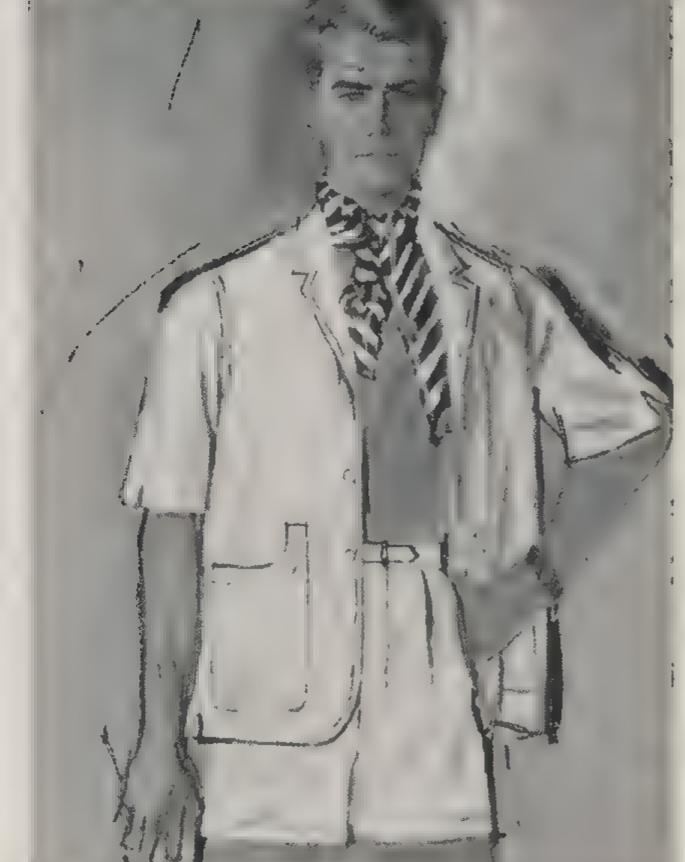
#### DAY OF BEAUTY

(Continued from page 99)

the eyelid should be held taut; the liner-pencil itself requires hardly any pressure at all. You will also learn from Mr. Bradford that the thinnest streak of red liner blended in just under the eyebrow will make deep-set eyes look larger; that, in the case of eyes that are a shade too prominent, that same red liner, slivered in just above the upper lashes, seems to make them retire quite gracefully. And, if you're longing for distinguished cheekbones and interesting shadows, Mr. B. will be glad to let you in on the secret of shading powdera dry, deep-Burgundy-coloured powder, which you brush on under your cheekbones, and which actually does seem to create the most fascinating contours. As usual, what you learn from this Rubinstein expert is carefully noted on your chart for homeresearch.

And that—once the rollers are out, and your hair brushed into a becomingly new or becomingly familiar style—is that.

One suggestion: plan something delicious for the evening ahead—you couldn't be better prepared.



Shirt for the beach

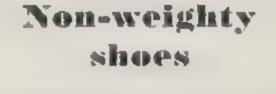
ESORT ROUND-UP FOR MEN

Headliners in sun-and-sand situations: men's beach clothes—now in banana-peel yellow; the Paisley sports jacket; slipper-weight shoes. Above: Shorts and a jackety shirt that would

look most dashing if they're banana-peel yellow; the shirt might turn up off the beach with slacks or with patterned walking shorts. The fabric—a sharkskin weave—is a quick-drying blend of Arnel and rayon. About \$28. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Left: From Liberty of London, an easy, conservative Paisley-printed cotton tailored into a sports jacket with natural shoulders. The Paisley print is in subdued shades of blue,

Paisley jacket

green, and red; to wear with rust-coloured linen slacks, or perhaps with curry gabardines. By Gordon-Ford, about \$50. At Lord & Taylor. Below: From Belgium, hand-sewn black calfskin loafers—the lightest all-leather shoes we've found (only 6 ounces per foot). By De Busschère, about \$25. At Belgian Shoes; I. Magnin.





JANUARY 15, 1962

#### 10 MEAL-MAKER SOUPS

(Continued from page 91)

#### Cold Senegalese soup

une Platt wrote in the preface to The June Platt Cook
Book, one of six she has authored, "Homemade
soup may be slightly out of style, but a party can be
built around some of mine...." For the party to be
built around the Cold Senegalese Soup of this celebrated cook and designer, the food would go like this:

STRING BEAN SALAD (With sauce vinaigrette)

HOT BUTTERED FRENCH BREAD

RASPBERRIES IN RASPBERRY SAUCE

ANGEL CAKE

AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

Wine: French white, dry

HOW TO MAKE COLD SENEGALESE SOUP
(For six to eight people)

5 cups clear chicken broth 2 cups heavy cream

2 teaspoons curry powder

4 egg yolks

1/4 teaspoon cayenne

Salt, pepper

1 cup finely-cut boiled breast of chicken2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Place chicken broth in top of enamel double boiler. Heat to scalding point directly over flame. Beat together cream, egg yolks, curry powder, and cayenne. Add a little hot broth to this, and stir well, then strain gradually into the hot remaining broth. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened, about 5 minutes. Remove and cool. Season to taste with a little salt and pepper and refrigerate until ice cold. Have ready very finely-cut white meat of chicken. When ready to serve, add the cold chicken to the cold soup, stir gently. Serve in well-chilled bouillon cups. Decorate with finely chopped parsley.

#### Fish Stew soup

born in Russia, studied cooking at the Cordon Bleu in France, and took a hotel management course in Brooklyn to learn about American cuts of meat. She reads cookbooks with the same intensity as some do who-done-its, and co-authored one herself: Look and Cook. Here are two of her best-loved meal-maker soups, with suggested accompaniments.

FISH STEW SOUP
CUCUMBER SALAD

Thinly-sliced cucumbers, salted well ahead of time, drained and mixed with oil and vinegar dressing

CRUSTY HORN-SHAPED SALT ROLLS
HOT FRUIT COMPOTE

Pears, peaches, prunes, plums, almonds, and rum

GINGER SNAPS

Amstel beer

HOW TO MAKE FISH STEW SOUP
(For ten people)

3 onions (sliced thin) • 2 stalks celery (sliced thin)

4 tablespoons butter
3 pounds halibut
2 quarts water

2 bay leaves • 1/2 teaspoon thyme
2 teaspoons salt • 1/2 teaspoon pepper
6 large potatoes (diced)

1 quart cream

Paprika • Freshly ground pepper

In a deep heavy kettle, steam thinly-sliced onions and celery in the butter, until transparent. Add the fish, wrapped in cheesecloth for easy removal, and the water, bay leaves, thyme, salt, and pepper. Bring to a boil and simmer for 20 minutes, or until the fish flakes. Remove the fish when done, and add the diced potatoes to the broth. While the potatoes are cooking, remove the skin and bones from the fish, and when the potatoes are done, replace the fish (separated into small pieces) into the broth. Add the cream, heat to the boiling point, correct the seasoning, adding freshly ground pepper and paprika. Serve from a heated tureen, and pass with thinly-sliced cucumber salad, hot crusty rolls.

#### Russian sauerkraut soup

BOILED POTATOES

RUSSIAN PUMPERNICKEL
Sweet Butter

CRANBERRY KISSEL

Cranberry juice thickened and cooked with cornstarch: served cold with sweet cream

COFFEE

Wine: Julienos 1959 (red wine)

HOW TO MAKE RUSSIAN SAUERKRAUT SOUP
(For ten people)

3 pounds short ribs of beef, lean 2 quarts water

Salt • Freshly ground pepper

3 carrots, sliced • 3 onions, coarsely chopped

2 pounds fresh or canned sauerkraut

2 bay leaves • 10 peppercorns • 3 cloves
1 quart beef bouillon

2 pounds new potatoes boiled in their jackets
Chopped dill • Sour cream

Wipe the meat and place it in a heavy soup kettle with the water and about half a teaspoon of salt. Bring to a boil and skim carefully until all scum is removed; when white foam appears, the soup will not scum any more. Clean and slice the carrots; chop the onion; rinse the sauerkraut and add to the soup. Add bay leaf, peppercorns and cloves and the bouillon. Bring to a boil again, and simmer very gently for three hours. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove the bones and as much fat as possible. Cut the meat in bite-size pieces. Cool and refrigerate. When the fat is hardened, lift off from the surface of the soup. Boil the potatoes, peel them, and roll in chopped dill. Reheat the soup. Serve from a heated tureen into hot soup plates, placing meat and vegetables in each plate. Pass the potatoes to be served into the soup, and pass the sour cream, Russian dark pumpernickel and sweet butter.

#### Mrs. Bertrand Bell's chicken gumbo

HORS D'OEUVRES
CHICKEN GUMBO
FINGER ROLLS

BITTER CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wine: Manzanilla

HOW TO MAKE CHICKEN GUMBO (For six people)

4-6 tablespoons pure pork lard 5-6 pound plump tender chicken, cut up Flour, for dredging 4 white onions, chopped fine 1/4 pound piece of ham, diced fine 2 chile pepper pods • 2 quarts water Salt . Pinch of cayenne, if needed 1 18-ounce can okra (River Brand good) 2 18-ounce cans tomatoes 1 jar pimientos, drained and coarsely chopped To serve separately: 1 cup long grain rice

Heat iron pot, put water on to boil. Wipe chicken with damp cloth and dry. Dredge lightly with flour. Heat lard and brown chicken, remove chicken when browned. Move pot to lower heat, add onions and ham, using more lard if needed. Cook for less than 5 minutes, replace chicken, pour over boiling water. Add salt and chile peppers. Let simmer, covered, until chicken is tender (about 70 minutes), then remove from heat and pour into a bowl to cool. (This is the halfway point, can be done the day before. If so, put cooled chicken and stock in refrigerator.) Discard chicken skin, bones, and gristle. Cut meat into good-sized pieces. Skim all fat from jelly and discard chile pods. Reheat stock; drain okra, trim off ends, and slice in small pieces. Add okra, tomatoes, and pimientos to stock. Skim when it boils, lower heat, and add chicken. Simmer a few minutes; test for seasoning and serve in a tureen. Serve the rice, dry and seasoned with salt and ground pepper, separately.

#### NEW YORK COUNTRY KITCHEN

(Photographed page 88)

Into a kitchen which, except for flashes of stainless steel, suggests a long-ago place in time and a less-congested place in space than East 74th Street, New York City, Howard Perry Rothberg, the decorator, has incorporated an uncommon collection of new accessories to good cooking.

There is, for instance, in this kitchen-along with oak and brick and quarry tile and American primitive paintings—never the need to boil water. Boiling water comes on tap, at the press of a red button, through a gooseneck spigot. This by National and its operating cost, in Mr. Rothberg's house: less than 30¢ a month. And there is never here a to-do about ice cubes. They fall out, as wanted, from a Revco refrigerator-freezer, that does all the usual cold-keeping duties, plus making ice cubes, tirelessly and endlessly.

Food can be boiled, broiled, baked, roasted, twirled on a rotisserie, or done in seconds in an electronic oven, these all separate units made by Tappan. Two Toastmaster food warmers can be individually controlled to keep food crisp or moist, cook's choice, and in ready-to-serve condition for up to eight hours. Standing by for steaks and chops is a charcoal barbecue by NuTone.

Near the stainless steel sink

by Elkay, a NuTone Food Center, into which a blender, knife sharpener, mixer, food grinder, and juicer can be plugged for action, facilitates fussy aspects of food preparation.

In the hoods above the barbecue and the stove (left and right in picture) exhaust fans by NuTone dispose of smoke. For communication with somebody at the front door or any other room in the house a NuTone intercom system stands ready near the stove.

Beside the dishwasher (Kitchen Aid) in the left foreground of the kitchen, a dark oak door conceals a washer-dryer combination (Easy Combomatic).

And all around is marvellous oil-finished oak panelling, its oaken glow echoed in the floor, where dark red quarry tile is inlaid with oak. Counters, too, are here and there composed of quarry tile, which keeps its polished fresh-from-the-pit look with a minimum of sponging.

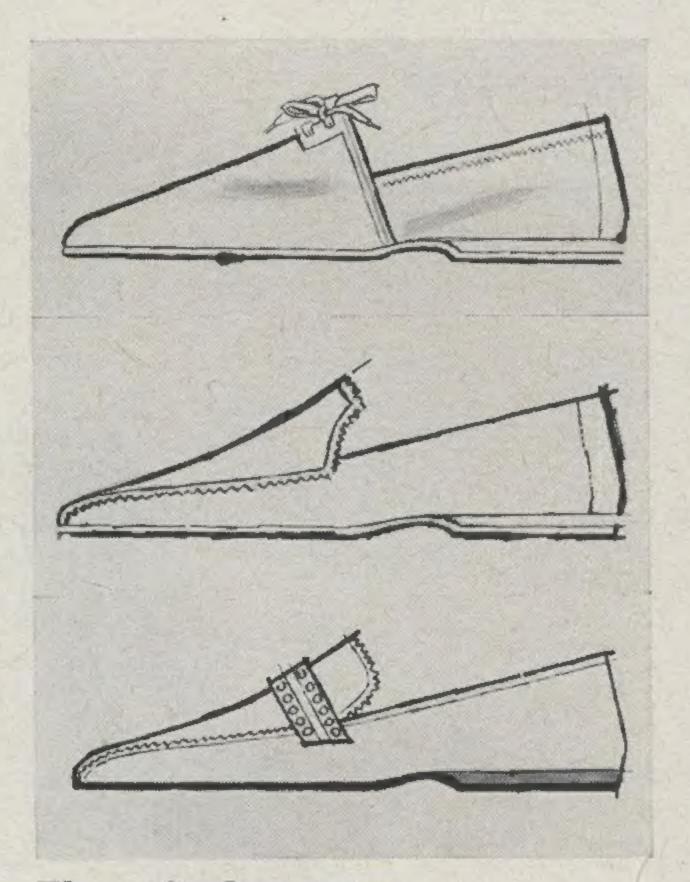
To illuminate all this efficient scenery, controlled dimmers by Luxtrol, graduating on demand from the intensity of soft candlelight to sun-bright daylight, make the mood of the room flexible. The only other lamp is in the breakfast section: an old iron chandelier that once shed light on a stable.



Pale sports jacket

## ORT ROUND-UP FOR MEN

Change here, in light-coloured jackets . . . and soft shoes in the news (one pair are stretchies). Above: A sports jacket in a paled-down apricot to wear in sun country with white slacks or grey flannels. The fabric—a blend of Irish linen and



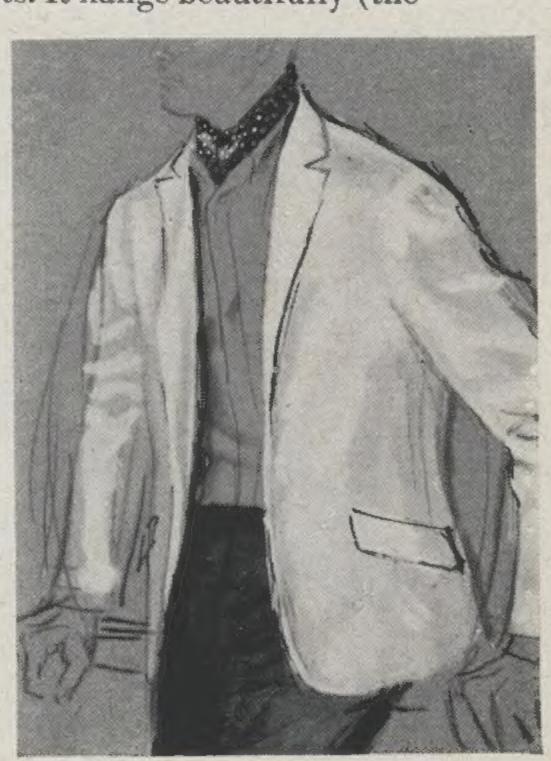
The soft-shoe news

Terylene—has a builtin talent for shapekeeping, non-wrinkling. By G. W. Heller; \$70, at A. Sulka. Left: Headliners in the soft-shoe news. Reading from the top down: boating shoe of red calfskin with white laces, sole; beach shoe of stretchy red and white striped cotton, with a red suède vamp; red suède moccasin that looks great with white duck slacks. All by

Jags; each style, about \$11. Whitehouse & Hardy. Below: A new kind of sports jacket-minus buttons and breast pockets. It hangs beautifully (the

trick is in the masterful cut). Here, white silk, to wear with a navy-blue polo shirt, red linen slacks, or-for dinner at home-with a madras cummerbund, and a dress shirt and trousers. About \$125; at Alexander Shields; I. Magnin.

Buttonless jacket



BRIAN



THE EYES OF FASHION ARE ON

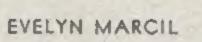
"Garland...in lovely
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white calf trim...
wisp hi-heel...18.95
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TWEEDIE FOOTWEAR CORPORATION, JEFFERSON CITY, MO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

# THE NEW LINGERIE RAVE FOR COLOUR









#### (Details from page 87)

More about the great spring flame-up of colour in lingerie. From the top: Slim halfslip awash with stormy sunset pinks and corals. Sheer nylon tricot over non-sheer tricot; edged in beige nylon lace. By Laros of Du Pont nylon; about \$6. At Altman's; Rich's. Next, a smock-simple, flared nightdress printed with brilliant lemon-yellow roses—some flamed to a soft coral; on a white ground. By Vanity Fair in tricot of Du Pont nylon; about \$11. At Altman's: Woodward & Lothrop. Then, melon-sized flowers growing petal-to-petal on a peignoir and matching nightdress. Nylon tricot in salad-green greens, citrus yellows. By Seamprufe, about \$30. Macy's: Famous-Barr. Last, scorchy corals and yellows brush-stroked on a nightdress with Empire ties. Nylon chiffon tricot over tricot. By Munsingwear of Du Pont nylon; about \$20. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel.





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